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The rewarde of *Wickedneſſe*

Diſcourſing the ſundrye monſtrous abuſes of wicked and vngodlye worldelinges: in ſuch ſort ſet downe and written as the ſame haue bene dyuerſely practiſed in the perſones of Popes, Harlots, Proude Princes, Tyrauntes, Romish Byshoppes, and others.

VVith a liuely deſcription of their ſeuerall falles and finall deſtruction. Verye profitable for all ſorte of eſtates to reade and loke vpon.

¶ Newly compiled by *Richard Robinſon*, ſeruaunt in houſholde to the right Honorable Earle of Shrovvſbury.

A dreame moſt pitiful, and to be dreaded

Of thinges that be ſtraunge,
VVho loueth to reede:
In this Booke let him raunge,
His fancie to feede.

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1574a

To the Worſhipfull, *Gilbert Talbote*,

Eſquier, Seconde Sonne to the Right Honourable *Earle* of *Shrowſburie. &c.* *Richard Robinſon* VVisheth the feruent feare of God, Increaſe of Vertue, VVorship and Honour, vvith Good ſucceſſe, and many Ioyful yeares.

(***)

For as much as the litle creeping Creatures of the Earth, doe teache euerie reaſonable perſon to vſe ſome kinde of trade, whereby for his trauaile in the Sommer, hee maye in the bluſtering blaſtes of Storming *Hiemps*, be releeued by the ſweate of his browes, when nothing elſe is to bee reaped vpon the ſoile, but onelye Monſterous and huge driftes of Snowe: VVhich is dayly put in vſe by the litle *Dormous*, who in the Sommertime, ceaſſeth not from traueyling, till shee be fully perſwaded to haue ſufficient ſtore in her Cabbin, to defende the hungry time of winter: Likewiſe the crawling *Ant*, toileth from the firſt showe of Sir *Phebus* face in the morning, till the blacke Mantelles doe obſcure the blaſing beames of the ſame: The *Squirrill* that lightlie Leapes from Braunche to Braunche, is euer occupied, as appeareth by the greate ſtore of Nuttes, that shee heapeth togeather in Sommer time, to incounter the barren ſeaſon: The fearefull Flye is not forgetfull of the ſame, but carrieth his trauailes to the warme hollowe reede, wherein hee dwelleth holſomely, and Bankettes merilie of his late trauailes: (VVhat shall I ſay, of the buſie Bee) whoſe curious ſkill in building of her Lodge, and knowledge in Flowers and Hearbes, in choſing the Good, and leauing for the Spider the ill, neuer ceaſing, but alwaies in trauaile, hoping in winter to reſt and enioye the fruites of her trauaile: Immediatelye vpon the ſodaine, is not onelye ſpoiled of this the fruites of her great toyle, but commonlye ſlaine for the lucre therof: (Euen ſo) Right VVorshipful, as I am not onely taught to abandon Idlenes, as wel by the holy Scriptures, as alſo by theſe creeping Creatures: So am I doubtful, leaſt after my trauaile, I shall reape the harmeles *Bees* reward: Except, (as my truſt is) your VVorship do ſeeme by your curteſie, to protect as well mee, as this litle portion of my labour: For mee thinkes that I heare alreadie *Enuie* whet his Teeth, whoſe

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blade woulde long agoe, haue beene bathed in my blood, if ſecreate thwacks could haue touched my guiltles Carkas: Yet notwithſtanding I ſee the blaſing brond in his fiſt, to fiere the great *Cannons* vpon me: for alreadie falſe *Report* his Trumpeter, ſoundeth vp his forging Trumpe of Detraction, whoſe honeſt nature is neither content with that which hee wisheth him ſelfe, nor yet pleaſed if he might haue or obtaine, that which other men deſire. Many mo friendes this chafing Champion hath, whoſe Cankered mindes, and prowde ſtomackes, would not much ſtick to take in hand to Lift with *Atlas*: To wraſtle with *Sampſon*, or take the club from *Hercules*. But diſdaining further to ſpeake of *Enuie*, and his ſaide friendes, which hateth euery man, and euery man him, & them, being nothing doubtful of *Momus*, *Zoilus*, nor *Sicophants* whelps: I am as well content to beare with their barking, as many vvorthy Clarkes heretofore haue done, and doe daylye. So that it maye pleaſe your VVorshippe, to take in good part this ſimple trauaile of mine, vvhich to eſchewe Idlenes, and ſpeciallye in ſuche times as my turne came to ſerue in watche of the Scottiſhe Queene, I then euery night collected ſome part thereof, to thend that nowe it might the better appeare, that I vſed not altogeather to ſleepe: Though one time I chaunſed among many vvatchfull nightes, to take a ſlumber, vvhich incited mee to compile this fiction of *Poetry*, as more largely appeareth in my *Prologue*: And though it bee a Drouſie Dreaming peece of vvorke, neither garniſhed vvith *Rhetorike*, *Eloquence*, *Curious* tearmes, nor pleaſaunt matter, to purchaſe prayſe of daintie Dames, and fantaſtical Knights of *Cupids court*: (As it is not painted vvith theſe properties) ſo I am aſſured that your vvorship doth not miſlike the want thereof. And for that it was thus begunne and ended in my Lord your Fathers houſe: my ſinguler good Lord and Maiſter, for whome, and my good Lady my Miſtres, I and al mine, dayly pray, as we are many waies bound to doe: Doe nothing miſtruſt, but that your vvorship will the rather take in good part the ſame, not weying the gift, but the good vvill of the gyuer. And ſo your vvorship doth as vvell binde me and mine, to reſte yours, to our power, as alſo therby, my poore peece of trauaile from the ſpoile of *Sclander*, and the blody butcher *Enuie*, by the ſame, garde and keepe, for othervvaies, my ſaide enemies vvill not ſticke to revvard my paines vvith the poore harmles *Bee*. Thus I ceaſe, and reſt.

¶ Your VVorshippes poore beſeecher.
Richard Robinſon.

The Auᵭhour to the Reader.

AS Idleneſſe the daughter of deſtruction, is to be abandoned of all men, that loue to leade the life of good and honeſt members of a cõmon vvealth: ſo is it as conuenient that euery man yeeld account to his countrey of his Zeale and good vvil that he ought by duty to beare vnto the ſame, by ſome vertuous or Godly vvorke, for good example ſake: In cõſideration vvhereof (Gentle reader) as vvell to profite my countrey (to my povver) as alſo to eſchevve Idleneſſe: I haue attempted this my ſecond vvorke vnto the place of thy indifferent iudgement, not miſtruſting, but thou vvilt as thankefully accept the ſame, as I haue vvillingly vouchſafed to beſtovve my trauaile, to pleaſure thy delite in reading hereof. And though it be eſcaped my handes, not altogether ſo vvel plained and pollished, as I purpoſed it ſhould haue beene: Attribute I praye thee, the cauſe to the buſie liues, that all my Lorde my Maiſters men do leade in the ſeruice of our Soueraigne Lady, the Queenes Maieſtie: Sith the protection of the Scottiſhe Queene vvas committed to my ſaide Lorde in charge, vvhoſe true and duetifull ſeruice therein, to his Prince both night and daie: as vvell by the trauaile of his Honours ovvne Perſon, as alſo all them that ſerue him: I doubte not but FAME hath tolde it to all the Princes in EVROPE and noble ſubiectes: as it vvere to bee a Mirrour to the reſt, that ſhall ſerue in credite of their Prince, from age to age, no litle to the encreaſing of his honour, and all his: (vvhich God maintaine). And I, being one of the ſimpleſt of a hundreth in my Lordes houſe, yet notvvithſtanding, as the order there is, I keepe my vvatche, and vvarde, as time appointeth it to mee: at the vvhich times, gentle reader, I collected this togeather, fayning that in my ſleepe MORPHEVS tooke me to PLVTOS Kingdome in a Dreame: The vvhich deuice, I miſtruſt not, but thou ſhalt thincke vvell of: Notvvithſtanding I knovve that the Papiſte vvill gnashe his teeth at me: The vvanton Dames vvill ſcolde at mee: The Couetous vvorldlinges vvill diſdaine mee. The vaine glorious perſonnes in Auᵭhoritie, vvill enuie mee: Falſe accuſers vvill abhorre mee, traitours vvill vtterlye deteſt this my ſimple vvorke. Another ſorte there is, vvhiche I namde not yet: As the Cobler, and ZOILVS: VVhoſe nature is to plaie hiſſing HIDRAS parte, reiecting the vertuous labours of painefull perſonnes, Lying Idle them ſelues like Buzzing Drones, deuouring vp the ſvveete trauaile of the buſie Bees, (but for theſe I paſſe not.) Sithe the moſt noble and famous vvriters of the vvorlde, haue not yet hitherto eſcaped the dint of their abhominable tongues. VVherefore I lothe lenger to beſtovve the time ſo ill, as to ſpeake of their beaſtlie behauiour againſt the ſkilfull . . Beſeeching thee once againe gentle Reader, that I maie reape at thy handes, but the revvard of my good vvill, vvhiche ſhall not onelie content my trauaile: But alſo binde mee another time, to preſent ſome other noueltie, more fitter to feede thy fantaſie. Hoping in the meane vvhile, thou vvilt in my abſence ſtande an indifferent friend.

Thus vvishing to thee and thine, as to my ſelfe and mine: I bid thee fare vvell. From my Chamber in Sheffield Caſtle.

The xix. of Maie. 1574.

¶ Thy Friende.
R. Robinſon.

The Auᵭhour to the Booke.

THY woefull plaints, thy rueful face, and carefull countenaunce shoe,
To all the worlde: bee not tonguetide, reueale abroade the woe
That is among the fillie ſoules, in Plutos ouglie lake,
For vvickedneſſe done on the Earth, howe Ioue doth vengeance take.
Blushe not my booke, to thunder foorth, the tormentes thou haſt ſeene,
Tell vvilfull vvits, and hatefull hearts, vvhat iuſt deſerued teene:
In Plutos pitte they shall abide, that headlong plunge in ſinne,
Bee not abashte to tell the beſt, vvhat plagues be there within.
And whome thou ſawe in ſincke of ſorrow, bewaile and toile in griefe,
VVhy and vvherefore, for whome, and what, they bide in this miſchiefe.
And vvhy thou mourneſt, tell the cauſe, and vvherefore thou art ſad,
No doubt thy teares, and trauaile both, may thouſands make full glad,
Except the Cobler gin to carpe, that alwaies loues to cauell,
Or ſecte of Sicophants ſtur vp, (Zoilus) that drunken Iauel.
To ſtampe and ſcorne againſt thy talke, that thou art chargde vvithall,
For to rewarde thy ſugered gift, vvith bitter ſtinking gall.
(But if they doe) no force, no harme, their vvonted vſe is knowen,
The difference both of them, (and thee) Report hath iuſtly blowen.
And doubte not but the learned, loue, thy company to haue,
And hiſſing Hidras venimde ſtinge, ſhall daylie from thee ſaue.
And vvhen the ſkilfull heades shall ſcan, the tale that thou muſt tell,
I charge thee, pardon craue of them, it doth become thee vvell.
And if they doe demaunde, from vvhence thou came, or whats thy name,
The Iuſt reward of wickedneſſe, my Lords I am the ſame,
(Saye thou) vvhich came from Plutos-Pit, whom Morpheus led with him,
In drowſie Dreame, to ſee the ſoules, Rewarded there for ſinne.
VVhich ſightes, ſo rare and ſeldome ſeene, as in my dreame I ſee,
Good Lords, and Ladies, vvith the reſt, shall ſtraight reuealed bee,
And doing dutie, thus no doubte, but thou shalt bee imbraſte,
Of ſuche as doe of honour, or of vertuous learning taſte.

FINIS. ¶Quoth Richard Robinſon.

The Booke to the Auctour.

AND muſt I needes be packing hence, about ſuch newes to beare,
VVhich ſhalbe to the moſt, theſe daies, an inward griefe to heare?
VVhy knowſt thou not, that worldlings wish, to dwel on earth for aie,
And may not bide, but them abhorre, which ſaye they muſt awaye?
Howe ſhall I ſcape the cruell Iudge, that is corrupt with golde,
Or craftie Carles and Muckſcrapes now, that al from poore men hold?
The Tyrant he will whet his blade, the prowde will preſent puffe,
The wanton Dames will ſkould at mee, the Roiſter ſtrange wil ſnuffe.
Piers *Pickthanke* and *Tom teltale*, will deuiſe a thouſand waies,
Tibbe Tittimilly, that lowring Laſſe, ſome yll on mee wil raiſe.
VVhoremongers, they and al their mates, I doubt wil ſtone me ſtraight,
Flatterers, *Filchers*, and *Sclanderers* both, I looke but when they ſight.
Rent Rackers, that doe fleece the poore, and *Bailiifes* falſe vntrue,
VVith bragging *Officers* forgetting God, that Conſcience bid adue.
Murder, *Treaſon*, *Theft* and *Guile*, maye not abide my face,
The greateſt number at theſe daies, will hurt mee in eache place,
And luſtie *Youth*, ſtarke ſtamping mad, wilbe to heare theſe newes.
VVherfore I greeue theſe Dreames to tel, ifte were in me to chooſe,
Thinkſt thou they'le credite Dreames theſe daies that Chriſt wil ſcarce
No, no, I doubt it ouermuch: then blame not mee to greeue. (beleeue?
But had thou pende ſome pleaſaunt ſonges, of *Venus* ſmiling boye,
I not miſtruſt but almoſt all, would clappe their handes for Ioye.
Or any thing, but that which doth, reprooue mens filthy vice,
No doubt among the moſt, it would haue beene of greateſt Price.
But ſpeede, as ſpeede maye, abroade I will attempte in haſte,
Eyther of thankes, or elſe rebukes, the tone or tother taſte.
The vertuous ſorte I not miſtruſt, the wicked here I warne,
The wiſe in chriſt, wil thanke me much, the foole wil laugh me ſcorne.
And now the paines & plagues below, where *Charon* rowes the barge,
As *Thauthour* hath commaunded mee, I ſhall declare at large.
And if I chaunſe to ſpeake amiſſe, thy pardon here I craue,
Repentaunce at the ſinners hande, Is all Chriſt ſeekes to haue.

FINIS.

¶ Richard Smith in praiſe of the Auᵭthor.

YE Muſes *all of* Theſpyas, *with ſacred Songes that ſing,* (bring.
Nowe ſtaie your ſteppes geue eare a while, and harke what newes I
Your Sonne that lately did indite with ſacred ſiluer quill,
In Foreſt here is fled awaye, vnto Parnaſſus *hill.*
VVhere hee among the Muſes *there, and Ladies of great Fame,*
Contrites the time both daye and night, in ſeruice of the ſame.
Beholding of theſe Goddeſſe face, with bewtie ſhining bright:
Like to Diana *with her traine, Reſplendiſhing by night.*
Ambroſia *is his foode, ſweete* Nectar *is his drinke,*
VVhat pleaſures are not reaped there, that mortall heart can thinke?
I doe him deeme in deede, to bee ſir Orpheus *Fere,*
VVho made the ſtones to vnderſtande, and ſenceles Trees to heare.
The ſauage Beaſtes of ſundrye kinde, came thruſting in a throng,
And went out of the vvilſome woodes, to heare his ſacred ſong.
Suche grace the Muſes *geue to ſome, for to delight the eare,*
And to allure the mortall mindes, enchaunted as it were.
A Diamonde for daintie Dames: For Peeres a precious Pearle,
This Robinſon *the* Rubi red, *a Iewell for an Earle.*
Suche Pearle can not bee bought I knowe, for all the Golde in Cheape,
The graces heare haue powrd their giftes togeather on an heape.
Suche giftes can not bee graft no doubt, vvithout ſome power deuine:
Suche cunning hyd in one mans head, as Robinſon *in thine.*
If I might vewe thy pleaſaunt Poemes, and Sonettes that excell,
Then ſhoulde I not thirſt for the floodes of Aganippes *vvell.*
Thou profered priſe at Olimpias, *and gotte the chiefeſt game,*
And through the ſchoole of cunning skill, haſt ſcalde the houſe of Fame.
VVhere thou on ſtage alone, doſt ſtande Triumphantlye,
About thy head a Garlande gaye, of luſelye Laurel *Tree.*
VVhich that theſe Noble Nimphes *thought good for blaſing theyr re-* (nowme,
In token of this learned Lore, adorned vvith that Crowne.
If I ſhould penne this praiſe, as thou doeſt vvell deſerue.
It vvere a volume *for to make, and time it vvould not ſerue.*
For vvhat needes vvater to bee brought, to povvre into the Seas,
Or vvhy doe I vvith Penne contend about this Robins *praiſe?*
VVhome trumpe of truth hath blowen abroade, that hilles and Dales re-
VVith Eccoes *from the earth below, vp to the skie rebounde.* (ſounde,

FINIS. ¶ *Quoth* Richard Smith, *Clarke.*

The Prologue.

N December when daies be short and colde,
And irkeſome nights amid the ſtorms gan rore,
That flockes from feeldes forſake their ſolde,
And Birdes from ſwelling floodes do shrinke to shore,
The plowgh doth reſt that cut the ſoyle of yore.
And toyling Oxe in cabin cloſe doth ſtande,
That wonted was to trauayle painefull lande:

And when the hawtie hilles and ragged rockes,
In mantels white be clothed rounde aboute:
VVhen foules and beaſtes, aſwell by heardes as flockes,
Seekes ſmoking ſpringes, hote thirſt to dowte,
VVhoſe flames doth force the froſen banckes throughout,
To yeelde their flintish ribbes, to gushing floods of raine,
And locked ſtreames at large to ſet againe:

VVhen euerie Tree the ardent coulors loſt,
And braue depainted lookes of fragrant ſinelles,
VVhen bragging *Boreas* thus the ſoyle had toſt,
That Hart and Hinde did quake in fieldes and felles,
VVith Bull and Beare for colde both cries and yelles.
And shrowling makes eche thing that life doth beare,
To ſtande with shaking limmes, the ſtormes to heare,

On eyther ſide the hilles when blaſtes doe riſe,
As sharpe as thornes the naked ſkinne doth hit,
And *Saturne* to the earth doth shewe his froſen eyes,
VVhoſe wrath doth pinch eache creature to the quicke,
VVhich oft doth cauſe both young and olde fall ſicke,
VVith cough, and colde, and ſtopping rheumes alſo,
Quotidians, feuers, diſeaſes many mo:

And when *Æolus* his priſon had vnlocken,
And all the retchleſſe route let runne at large:

The Prologue.

VVhoſe ruſhing rage eache pleaſant brauch hath broken
VVhereof before Dame *Flora* had the charge,
On *Tiber* ſtreth neyther boate nor Barge.
Tryton ſoundes hir trump, and *Neptune* gins to frowne,
The ſayler ſtrikes from maſt the ſayles a downe.

VVhen young and olde their bones with cloth doe loade,
And hoodes vnto their heades doe buckle faſt:
And when the Boye doth reſt that bare the goade,
And keepes the chimneyes ende til *Hyemps* ſtorms be paſt,
VVhen men doe doubt their winter ſtuffe to laſt,
And carefull cattell with open Iawe doth craue,
Their keepers meate their carkas for to ſaue.

VVhen men delight to keepe the fire ſide,
And winter tales incline their eares to heare,
VVhen mery mates be met, that will abide,
Eache filles his pot of Nutbrowne Ale or Bere,
As is the trade of Ale knightes euery where,
To toſſe the pottes and plye the ſlitting boules,
Then pay their pence, and packe with dronken noules.

In this ſeaſon it was my lotte to fall,
Among a maſque choſen for the nonce,
Some reelde, ſome fell, ſome helde them by the wall,
Some ſang, ſome chid, and ſware gogs precious bones,
(Quoth one to me) friende camſt thou from ſaint *Jones?*
what penaunce haſt thou done, thou art ſo leane & pale?
No force (quoth another) he ſhall fyll his pot of Ale.

Content (quoth I) and thereto I agree,
Fyll pot Hoſtice of Pery, Ale, or Bere:
My heade it recreated after ſtudie,
To ſhut foorth the time, though ruſticall they were,
Thus walkt the Kanikin both here and there,
Till the wife cryed to bed for ſauing of hir fire,
Contented (quoth I) for that was my deſire.

The

The Prologue.

The shot was gathered, and the fyre rakte vp,
Eache man to his lodging began for to draw:
Some ſtackering ſtumbled as mad as a Tup,
Some crept vnder the mattreſſe into the ſtrawe.
Another ſort began to pleade the common lawe.
I lookt about and ſawe them ſo dight,
Put out the candle and bad them goodnight.

My drowzie heart thus being at his reſt,
Tooke no care for the colde, all ſorrowes were paſt:
So late it had beene at the good Ale feaſt,
That the worlde for euer I thought woulde laſt.
In mine eare thunders no ſounde of winters blaſt.
I thought none yll, my heade was layde full ſaft,
All carke and care my wandring ſprite had laft.

Not lying thus one houre by the clocke,
Me thought the chamber ſhone with Torches bright,
And in the haſte at doore I hearde one knocke,
(And ſayde what) Slugge, why ſleepeſt all the night?
I ſtarting vp beheide one in my ſight,
Dasht all in golden raies before me did appeare,
(And ſayde) I am a God, beholde that ſtandeth here.

Mine eares were filde, with noyſe of Trumpets ſounde,
And dazled were mine eies, my ſence was almoſt gon,
But yet amazde my knee vayide to the grounde,
And ſayde heare Lorde, thy will and mine be one,
What is thy minde, more redie there is none,
To ride to runne, to trauell here and there,
By lande and ſeas halte worthie if I were.

But firſt to know thy name I humbly thee beſeeche,
Forgiue my rudeneſſe this of thee to craue,
He aunſwering ſayd, with meeke and lowlie ſpeeche,
Morpheus is my name, that alwaies power haue,
Dreames to bee wrought in Countrie, Court, or Caue.

The Prologue.

In the heauens aboue, or *Plutoes* kingdome loe,
Its I that haue the power each thing t'unfolde and shoe.

And knowe (quoth he) that euerie night and daye,
VVho shutteth vp his eyes, his heade to feede with ſleepe,
His wandering ſpirite attendes on me alwaye,
To trudge and trauell, where I ſhall thinke it meete,
As well to mounte the ſkies, as in the ſecrets deepe,
As ſwifte as thought, what God hath greater poure,
Then all that is or was, to shewe thee in an houre?

And whether wilt I goe, Lorde *Morpheus* (quoth I)
I here am preſt thy will for to obey.
VVith an earneſt lookes (quoth hee) I will that by and by,
To *Plutoes* kingdome with mee thou take thy waye.
Though frayde I were, I durſt not well ſay naye.
VVith him I went that irkeſome place to ſee,
VVhere wofull ſprites full ſore tormented bee.

And going by the way theſe wordes he ſayde,
Be of good cheare, me thinkes thou lookeſt pale,
Plucke vp thy hearte and be no deale afrayde,
Although thou goe into this ougly vale.
And thus or he had fynisht halfe his tale,
Cerberus barckt that griſelie hounde of hell,
The earth did quake to heare him houle and yell.

VVhen *Morpheus* hearde this cruell barcking Curre,
For *Mercuries* rodde he ſende with all the haſt,
This wondering porter charmde he might not ſturre,
Till hee and I throughout his offyce paſt,
So to the ſeconde warde wee came at laſt.
VVhere *VVrath* kept the walles, and *Enuie* the gates,
Aſſociate with *Pride* and *vvhoredome* their mates.

VVith cruell countinaunce terrible to ſee,
Theſe horrible officers fixed their eyes,

Fil-

The Prologue.

Filthie to beholde monſtrous and ouglie,
They gathered to the gates like ſwarmes of Bees,
Gnaſhing their teeth, aſking who were theſe,
That durſt be ſo bolde *Plutos* kingdome to enter,
Or within their office ſo rudelie to venter.

I am *Morpheus* (quoth hee) mine auctoritie you knowe,
As well in the heauens as alſo here,
My nature and qualitie is dreames for to showe,
Therefore giue place, and let me come neere.
Theſe wordes ſcarce ſaide, but the gates opened were.
So to the thirde warde we came by and by,
Not far from that place where great *Pluto* did lye.

The warde as I ſaide where *Pluto* then lay,
VVas fortefied with Tirauntes for the nonce,
Some crying, ſware yea, and other ſome nay,
Renting eche others flesh from the bones,
Some flang fierbrandes, and other ſome flang ſtoanes.
VVith howling and crying terrible to heare,
VVhat plague could be thought that was not preſēt there?

The chiefe Captaines of all this rablous route,
VVere *Oppreſſion* of the poore and eake *Priuate gaine*,
VVith a ſorte of their kinne that looked full ſtoute,
That in that vale for euer muſt remaine.
There was *Peter Pickethanke* and *Priuie diſdaine*,
Tom Telltale was appointed in a Turret to watche,
Laurence Lurcher a Bayliſe to ſnatche and to catche.

The greateſt vices on earth be chiefe Captaines in hell.

There was *Darckeneſſe* and *Ignoraunce* linckt in a chaine,
VVith *Errour* and *Freewill*, *Arrogance*, and *Selfeloone*,
Forgetfulneſſe of God, and *Tranſgreſſion* did remaine,
VVith *Miſtruſt* and *Superſtition*, which might not remoue
Hipocriſie the King in a turret aboue.
VVith *Lucre*, *Cruelneſſe*, and *Bludshed* his brother,
Domination, and *Fulneſſe*, *Abundaunce*, and other.

Let vs abhorre theſe vices and cruell crimes.

Pompe he ſat puffing as though he were madde,
Symony vnder hande began to conuaye,
Confuſion doth decoar wickedneſſe. *Iniquitie* and *Sophiſtrie*, with countenaunce full ſadde,
Sat with *Murther*, and *Tyranny* curſing the daye,
Certainelie to ſee it was a tragicall playe,
To beholde abhomination, what torments she had,
(with the reſt) whereat *Confuſion* was glad,

Many thouſandes there were that I omit,
For want of time fullie to deſcribe,
To tell truth the number paſſeth ſkoll and wit,
To be namde of mee, that howled there and cryde.
VVhen theſe loth ſome leyds, had *Morpheus* eſpyde,
They flew on heapes to know from whence he came,
VVho aunſwered thus I am a God no man.

And whats thy name (quoth they) *Morpheus* aunſwered he
VVhome *Pluto* doth admire, and honor both I trowe,
And *Proſerpine* your Queene, mightie though they bee,
And *Mynos* your Iudge will doe the ſame I knowe.
I am the God that alwayes dreames doth show.
I am free this waye to guide and leade eache man,
without demaunde to knowe from whence I came,

Then vp ſtart *Peter Pickethanke* by and by,
Theſe newes to *Pluto* in haſte he ran to tell,
And almoſt madde, with open Iawes gan crye,
My Lorde (quoth hee) thers ſtraungers come to hell,
VVhat elſe (quoth *Pluto*) is not all thinges well?
Yea Sir (quoth hee) its *Morpheus* that is here,
Then *Pluto aunſwered*, why bidſt him not come neere?

The thirde warde opened then at large,
The Pallace then approching in our ſight,
VVher raging furies of wofull ſoules had charge,
To torment thouſande wayes, both daye and night,
Miſerable darckeneſſe there was without light,

Graſping

The Prologue.

Graſping and groping, greate diſcorde and ſtrife,
VVeeping and wayling, and blaſphemous life.

The ſtinking ſmoke that from that dongeon roſe,
Corrupts the ſkies, and clowdeth all with shade,
The thundering blaſt that from that furneſſe bloſe,
A dubble paine, the fillie ſprites hath made.
VVith rufull plaintes to heare in euerie glade.
That if the ſorrowes halfe were pende I ſee,
In teares there woulde be drowned manie an eye.

But when we came this ougly God before,
Hayle (quoth *Morpheus*) thou God of darckeneſſe great,
Hayle *Proſerpina* here Queene for euermore,
Long may thou holde thy place and ſeate,
I am come (quoth hee) my cuſtome for to pleate,
Thou knoweſt of olde that woont I am to ſee,
As well thy kingdome, as mightie *Ioues* on hie.

By *Styx* (quoth hee) thy auncient cuſtome olde,
I will not breake, but as thou haſt before,
In all my regiment, I will thou ſhalt be bolde,
To doe all thinges as thou waſt woont of yore,
But looke of mee thou ſeeme to craue no more.
Except you two, who is my gates within,
To pray for pardon it profytes not a pin.

Then aunſwered *Morpheus* I neuer thought to craue,
The pardon of the prowdſt that in thy ſoyle dōth reſt,
Nor yet the greedie Tyraunt toombde in grieſlie graue,
Nor any ſuch that pooremen hath oppreſt.
For gvlefull gluttons to ſpeake I thought it leaſt.
All theſe with other mo, I know muſt ſtaye with thee,
Howe wickednеſſe rewarded is thats all I wish to ſee.

Content (quoth *Pluto*) and commaundment he gaue,
To all his officers his kingdome throughout,

That

That *Morpheus* and I shoulde licence then haue,
Eache place for to ſearche in Hill, Dale, and Clowgh,
In thicke or in thin, in ſmooth or in rough,
In hote or in colde where euer it bee,
The wickeds rewarde we shoulde both heare and ſee.

This ſaide, we departed from that filthie puddle,
And foorth wee paſt, the left ſide that caue,
VVhere wee founde a greater and crueller trouble,
Then all this while I knewe any to haue,
For one among manie we hearde raile and raue,
VVith a wofull voice me thought it ſaide this,
Come ſee alas the rewarde of wickedneſſe.

At length to the place we chaunſt for to hit,
VVhere *Aletto* had charge to rule and diſpoſe,
There we behelde one lying in a pit,
Sodden in ſorrowes from the toppe to the toes.
Their paines for to painte in meeter or proſe,
Doth paſſe my ſkill, the leaſt to deſcribe,
Though *Teſſiphon* hir ſelfe my pen now shoulde guide.

But what I ſawe in this my drowſie dreame;
And who they were, as now to minde I call,
VVhy and wherefore to you I shall proclaime,
That thus they loſt the ioyes ſupernall,
And haue poſſeſt the wofull place infernall.
Lende me your eares for now my tale beginnes,
How wicked wightes rewarded be for ſinnes.

FINIS.

¶ The reward of wickedneſſe.

¶ *HELLEN* tormented for her treaſon to her Huſbande, and liuing in fornication ten yeares, whoſe wordes followe.

Foulest furye, that raging hell doth guide,
O worſe then wrath, or endleſſe wicked life
O ſwarming plages, ỹ paſſeth fleſh to bide,
O doubtful dome of Plutos broiling ſtrife.
O Stigion ſpew thy flames to ende this life.
O iuſt reward I ſaye, of wicked dædes:
O greateſt miſchiefe, among theſe paddels rife,
O come make haſte, you flames of glowing glædes.

You Gods that ſit in ſeates of paſſing bliſſe,
whoſe Ioyes my endles paines ſurmounteth farre:
Doe you conſent for to reward mée this,
that whylome was in Greece, the Lampe, and Starre?
What meant you firſt to make and then to marre?
I am the worke of all your whole conſentes:
No bruite nor fame, of Earthly woman harre,
woe worth my fate, full ſore it mée repentes.

O worthye Dames, lende mée your liſtening eares,
refraine your Citherons, and pleaſaunt Lutes alſo:
With Virginalles, delighting many eares,
from out your heartes, let thought of Muſicke goe.
Perhaps you daine, that I ſhall will you ſo,
but meruaile not, ne at my wordes take ſcorne:
It is your partes though you were ten times moe,
to helpe my plainte, with teares that I was borne.

Caſte of your Golden Mayes, and ritche attyre,
put on the mourners wæmes, ſeeme to lament:
Hide your painted faces, that ſette mens heartes on fire,
learne this of mée, your bewtye ſone is ſpent.

You maye by mée your wicked liues lament,
from ſpowting Conduites let guſhe the flods of teares:
Let ſcalding ſighes from boyled heartes be ſent,
your iuſt rewarde for wickednesſe appeares.

Although it doth abaſhe eache daintye Dame
to reade of mée, or yet to heare mée read:
I am the marke for you to ſhun like ſhame,
diſdaine me not though hygh you beare your head.
You that of Huſbandes all this while bée ſped,
bée true to them in all your conuerſation:
Beware take héede, defile no time they' bed,
among the Gods it's great abhomination.

I was in bewtye paſſing all the reſt,
and ſo by nature as curious made and wrought:
That if in mée there had béene grace poſſeſt,
to match the Gods I might haue well béene thought.
Vertue is the beautie of man and woman. But vertue is the bewtye, Ladies all,
and not your painted faces and ſhining gléere:
No greater miſchéefe can among you fall,
then for to léede your ſicle prophane eye.

For once I had my ſelfe ſuch prophane lookes,
twirlde out with eyes that were celeſtiall like,
Whoſe ſparckling twinche were ſharper then the hookes,
caſt in the ſtreame with baite for Fiſhe to bite.
A thing immortall ſéemed I to bée,
but yet corrupt with maners that were nought,
As painted Tombes, with bones bée inwarde filthy:
ſo outward I, but inwarde vices wrought.

And to her ſelfe bewayling thus alas,
in eyther hande an Oze, ſhe laboureth ſoze:
At length ſhe was eſpide where I and Morpheus was,
then calde ſhe vs that ſlepte vpon the ſhoze.

Come

Come neare good Morpheus, ſtraight thée gan to roze,
thou ſeeſt my paines, thou knowſt not yet my name:
In Stigion lake I bide for euermoze,
the wife of *Menelaus* I am the verye ſame.

And Hellen loe I am that heare abide,
within this ryuen Boate, inuironde as you ſée:
As iuſt reward for fleſhlye luſt and pride,
which ſcapeth not, but heare rewarded bée.
Many a worthy wight loſt his life for mée,
and dyed all berayde and ſtorried all in blood:
Therefore I praye thée yet come neare and ſée,
the tormentes I abide within this helliſhe flood.

Alas vneth my hande can holde the pen,
my ſight deuoured is with grieuous teares,
When I but thinke howe that I ſawe her then,
that once did leade the crewe of Venus peares.
No honeſt heart but it would rewe her ſtate,
that heard and ſawe as much as wée that tide:
But all alas to grieue it is to late,
the Gods ordeine that thée ſhall there abyde

Amid a Sea that boyleth fierye flods,
with mixed blood flyes vp and downe the Skies,
Where lurking Rockes with hautie dreadfull mods
on euerye ſide appeared in our eyes.
About the which moſte venemous ſerpentes flyes,
huge ſtorming blaſtes this wicked ſtreame doth moue:
What ſparkes of gleides riſe vp like ſwarmes of Bées,
and furies fell theyr wicked partes doe proue.

A deſcription of the place where ſhee roweth in a ruen Boate in Stigion

For in a Boate berent on euerye ſide,
(and as I ſayde) thée ſittes, in euery hand an Oze:
And ſtriueth ſtyll betwéene the winde and Tyde,
nowe haling from the Rockes, and by & by from thoze.

The choyse is harde, when this refuge is beſt,
to toyle amid theſe flaming fluddes as thée:
Or elſe t'ariue amid the Serpentes neſt,
for on the lande with blades the Tyrantes bée.

Which rounde about this plagnie Stigion pit,
in battaile raye and armour blacke doe ſtande:
Cutthroates, as egar as any Fiſhe of byt,
that alwayes watche to ſée her come to lande.
Eache Butcher holdes a mortall Are in hande,
for to reuenge the blod thée cauſed ſhed:
The which for truth, when as I bewde and ſcande,
with heapes of woe, to Morpheus thus I ſaide.

The Gods haue no reſpect of perſons.

Alas (quoth I) this gréues mé moſt of all.
to ſée her fate, whoſe bewtye Clarkes commende:
Yé thinke the Gods that ſit in ſeates ſupernall,
ſome mercye ſhould at length and pitye ſende.
Eache one (quoth Morpheus) who ſémeth to offende,
according to theyr déedes without reſpect
Haue here rewarde for wickednelle in t'bende,
as pleaſeth Pluto, or whome hé hath elect.

The one fornicator deſtroyeth the other experience telleth.

And as theſe wordes were ſayde, wé bearde hir crye,
(O Paris, Paris,) for euermore woe bé the time
Thy faigning face, it was my chaunce to ſpye,
or that it was thy lucke to loke on mine.
Thou ſteynde my name, alas ſo did I thine,
my miſchiefe hit by thée, by mé the like thou had:
O wicked Hellen, this all men maye define,
And Paris for thy part, thy fortune was as bad.

What miſchiefe doth not a wicked woman breede

O worthye Troye, happye had thou binne.
if fatye Nurſe had ſtrangled mé in bed:
Then blodye miſchiefe had ſcaped all my kinne,
and noble Hector had neuer loſt his head.

Many

Many a worthy man had liude, that nowe is dead,
Troy had florisht still, whoſe walles are fact full low:
Menelaus had neuer yet polluted bed,
and if the Gods my death had poynted so.

All Greece vnto this daye, doth curſe the time,
with many a famous Prince of noble birth:
So Paris, thou art likewiſe curſt of thine,
for thou and I were troubles to the earth.
Alas therefore nowe chaunged is our mirth,
the bloodshed in our cauſe doth vengeaunce crye:
Therefore take hede you Dames of mightye birth,
to th'ende of all beginninges, euer caſt your eye.

An yll bargaine wher no man winnes. &c.

It is an old prouerb take heede is a fayre thing.

For, had I neuer painted vp my face,
nor shot the boultes of wanton whirling eyes:
Had grace and vertue dwelled in that place,
then had I ſaued al the liues of theſe.
For when a man the lookes of women ſees,
hee lyeth at watche, to ſee her caſt the darte:
Yit whome it happes, (hee is no man that flees,)
then blame him not, that doeth defende his part.

For thou alas good Paris not to blame,
(nor none but I): that caſt my ſecreate lookes
So sleightfullye, to tyse thee with the ſame,
before the Gods I wisht none other bookes.
I caſte him sugred baites, I catche on bitter hookes,
or elſe the ſuite had Paris neuer take:
I layde him letters, in ſecreate holes and nookes,
for to attempte the venture for my ſake.

Olde pleaſures breede newe ſorrowes.

And what was hee that would not take in hande,
to hazarde all, at that time for my ſake,
Whoſe matche on earth, did neuer goe nor ſtande,
then blame him not ſuche enterpriſe to make?

Wickednes deſtroyeth it ſelfe.

O Ladies bée wittye, and quietneſſe make,
and dread the Gods you worthy Grecian Dames:
For here ſhée lyes within this flaming lake,
bewrapt in woe, to quite her youthfull games.

My Pageant though I playde in open ſight,
and that the world did manifeſtly knowe:
I woulde not wiſhe that you by ſecreate night,
or cloſer craft ſhould vſe your Huſbandes ſo.
The Gods aboue all ſleightye ſecreates ſhowe,
to euerye eare and eye, bée ſtraight reuealde:
You heare it read in Scripture long agoe,
that naughtye actes were neuer yet concealde.

A ſhame & a ſhame before the Gods and men alſo.

And then when Fame hath ſounded vp hir trumps,
and publiſht all your déedes and filthy life:
Then ſhall confuſion put you to your Jumpes,
your Huſbandes ſhall diſdaine to call you wife.
Your friendes ſhall bluſhe to heare you namde,
your foes reioyce in euery coaſt about:
To call you mothers, Children are aſhamde,
loe this beſure, it euer falleth out.

And finallye the Gods from ioye and bliſſe,
ſhall caſt you into Stigion lake to frye:
As pleaſeth Pluto ſo your ſorrowes is,
marke well my wordes, I doe alleadge no lye.
And then it is to late for to repent or crye,
your woefull ſtrikes reioyſeth hell to heare:
(As for my parte) vnhappye wretche I trye,
whoſe luſte reward thou ſeeſt plaine appeare.

Marke you worthye Warrones the ſownes of woefull Helle.

When lowieſt thought of treaſon to your mates,
ſhall pricke your tickle mindes as ſome it doth:
Yet let this one thing pearce your pœuiſhe pates,
that like the ſlippie yſe ſo glideth from ye youth.

And

And ſith there is nothing of greater truth,
  through lewdneſſe loſe not then your noble names.
Bee moſt aſſured, miſchiefe ſtreight inſuth,
  alas therefore, take heede you worthy Dames.

And ſcorne no deale, my rewfull plaintes to heare,
  if hap bee on your ſides, I maye ſuch warning bee
To euerye one that is poſſeſt with feare,
  that by my fate like daunger for to flee.
Therefore as ofte as follye fedes your eye,
  ſpende time in reading bookes, that worthy Clarks haue
In ſtede of Lutes and other harmonie, (pende:
  your willing eares a while to learning lende.

So Cupid and his Lore you ſhall forget,
  with all ſuch driftes as he and his doe driue:
Of ſclaunder and repreche you ſhall eſcape the net,
  and Fame with golden trumpe ſhal ſound your vertuous line.
Thus winning noble name, your lines ſhall end,
  ſo vertuouſlye that after vitall breath,
The Gods theyr Aungels for your ſpirite ſhall ſende,
  to dwell with them in bliſſe, thus Scripture ſayth.

The vertuous and godlye liues be hyde among the Gods for euer.

And with theſe wordes caſt almoſt on the ſhore,
  the woefull wretch with toyled wearye bones,
With all the haſte in flod doth laye the Oze,
  that headlong Boate and all, doth ſee attonce.
Where hiſſing Serpentes ſwarme as thicke as haile,
  that likewiſe wayted in theyr ſubtile kinde
With whetted ſtinges this Lady to aſſaile,
  for to rewarde her lothſome luſtfull minde.

And as wee did perceyue ſhe wiſht that we,
  to euery worthy wight repoze ſhould make,
Howe fornicatours in hell rewarded bee,
  and howe the Gods vppon them vengeaunce take.

For straight alas amid that ouglye lake,
her hande shee putteth vp, and bad farewell:
Thus endles paines her former talke gan slake,
more newes of her, I am not able to tell.

For why, the hissing of the wicked wormes,
with some of surging lakes, that roares against the rocks
And furious thondering flames, that boiles and brommes,
beside the fowles of many filthye flockes,
On Helmettes, Billes, peilde many mortall knockes,
with thumping of the Cannons cruell shottes:
The noyse of Chaines, and wrenche of bandes and locks,
with smoyld smoke, of boyling Pitche in Pottes.

The Innocentes blood shed wilfullye, craueth vengeance.

As fearefull daunce of Chimneys builded hye,
and fall of Turrets, that sleeyth man and childe:
With widowes, whose fatherles children doe crye,
theyr plaintes alas, all Ioye of hope exilde.
To heare them grone, whome mortall weapon spoilde,
with crashe of staues, that then in peeces flowe:
A voyce cryed vengeaunce (on them that were defilde
with spilling guiltlesse blood) that might not doe thereto.

A voyce.

Another voyce, went hurling vp and downe,
woe, woe, to such as strike starre vp or bzewe:
And specially by warres, to sacke both Citie and Towne,
laye waste the soyle and ploughe, where Oxen drewe.
From mirthe to mourning, all to chaunge a newe,
wiues and children, spoilde before eache others face:
The causers euer, the first them selues that rewe,
and woe still bee to you, that haue so litle grace.

These soundes of sorrowes, that rose so many waies,
bereu'd: vs *Hellen*, poore wretche in flaming Seas.

FINIS.

WHo hearde me tell this tale, that doth their eies witholde,
Or that their collours doth not pale, to heare it read or tolde?
Is any heart so harde, that woulde not melt to heere?
You Ladies doe you not regarde, the fall of bewties peere?
And haue you locked vp, salt flooddes within your eyes?
VVhy haue you kist *Meduſas* cup? Your heartes why doe they freese?
Hath *Lethea* Lake bewicht all you that liuing be?
Nor hath not pittie neuer twicht your heartes to mourne with me?
Perhappes you doe diſdaine to heare ſuch tydings tolde:
But yet you may be glad againe, I saye both young and olde.
Ulyſſes wife doth loaſe no fame nor honour here:
No, No, nor any one of thoſe, that liue in godlie fere.
Nor yet the good *Alceſt*, doth catch no blotte nor ſtaine:
Nor *Griſeld* doth not loaſe the leaſt of *Hippos* happie gaine.
I am aſſured this, that *Cleopatra* winnes
Through Fame a triple bliſſe, loe now my tale beginnes.
For *Creſeid* she is one, whoſe face may blush to heare,
Of *Hellens* life, that now is gon, vngracious *Circes* peere.
In bewtie *Venus* matche, *Arcynos* worſe by mutche:
Medeas ſleyghtes shee had to catch, whome pleaſed me to towche.
I ſay its ſuch as theſe, that *Synons* ſhiftes doe vſe:
And vertuous ſtudies ſeeme to leſe, on wanton toyes to muſe.
I meane ſuch retcheleſſe dames, that play *Sylenos* part:
To winne ſuch merry pleaſaunt games, as teache ſir Cupids art.
Loe theſe are they and ſuch, that ought with shameſaſte looke,
To be abasht when they shall touche, or vew this ſimple booke.
Sith *Hellens* faultes are knowne, and yours in ſecret hyd:
Take heede leaſt you be ouerthrowne, as *Hellen* hath be teed.
And b'aine her vices all, but weful chaunce bewayle:
For while I liue euen ſo I shall, if ſorrow might preuaile.
And ſith it was your happes, ſo worthy a Dame to haue:
To warne you from ſuch after claps, as turne you might to ſcath,
VVhoſe face did ſtaine the reſt, of all that earthly were
Adornde in euery ioynt and dreſt, moſt like dame Bewties pere.

Therefore from facred breaſt, what ſcalding ſighes ſtreight ſende,
Let not your chriſtall eies haue reſt, to thinke of *Helens* ende.
VVith *Niob* bathe your face in teares, for *Helens* ſake,
Vnto the Gods call, cry, for grace, for to eſcape the lake,
VVhere *Hellen* thus with paines, in riuen boate doth rowe.
In fiery ſeas ſhe ſtill remaines, becauſe ſhee was vntrewe.

Pope Alexander *the ſixt rewarded for*

his wickedneſſe and odible lyfe, with his colledge of Cardinals, Biſhops, Abbots, Moonckes, Freers, and Nunnes, with the rabble of greaſie Prieſtes, and other members of Idolatry and ſuperſtition. &c.

HEll, O Hell, deſerued long agoe,
and raging Furies that beare immortall ſpight,
What doe you meane, why ſpare you any woe,
that ſhould increaſe our paine, & pleaſure our delight?
Where is your wonted wrath, accuſtomed to thro
among the ſoules vnto your charge committed:
Come doe your worſt, conſume vs all aro,
diſpatche vs ſtreight, lets be no longer flitted.

Thou filthy flode of Lymbos lurcking lake,
From choaked pitte, come belche abroade thy flames:
Why come you not you Furies for to take
a greater vengaunce, I call you by your names.
Spew out Plegethon, thy furious fiery flake,
O hell why vomitſt not thy greateſt gorge of all:
Once giue conſent a finall ende to make
of vs, that doe your wrath ſo gladly call.

Come ougly ſhapes from olde ſepulchers ſent,
come filthy Fowles from loathſome boyling puddle,
Come monſterous Gryppes, that Tyrius guttes hath rent,
come Iudge of Spirits, come, come increaſe our trouble.

Come

Come Prince of darckneſſe, giue thy fearefull iudgement,
O hell vnfolde thy gates, and let the flaming ſteame
Make haſt to increaſe our puniſhment,
Diſpatche vs once, out of this endeleſſe trouble.

O vile Idolatrie, the Prince of perdicion,
the waye thou directes to euerlaſting paines:
O filthie moment, and wicked ſuperſtition,
O blynde doctrine, Interpreto^r of dreames.
O rotten relikes with all your addicion,
fye vpon you all, ſith thus it comes to paſſe.
Falſehode in the end hath no remiſſion,
as witneſſe our deuilliſhe deteſtable maſe.

And with theſe wordes, he caſte his head a wrye,
amonge the ſhaueling greaſte chuffhead Friers:
And ſeeing Morpheus ſtanding preſent bye, (appeares
the ſawſie ſorte of Prieſtes with Monks and Nunnes
At which this Pope beganne to roare and crye,
alas (quod he) beholde where Morpheus ſtandes:
He will proclayme abrode that heare we lye,
that rule of hell, and heauen did take vppo'ns.

What ſhall we doe (quod he) beſt call him bether,
it hapneth ſo there is none other ſhifte:
Lets ſay we come for Soules, they anſwered altogether, The Tree is knowne by his fruite.
and that we meane to make a generall ſhifte.
Let not be knowne the cauſe wherefore and why,
leaſt out of credite thereby our Lawes be brought:
And ſith of cuſtome we wonted were to lye,
to tell truthe nowe, at all it profites naught.

But while the rowte of Sathans bonde and flocke,
adreſſe them ſelues to gloſe and paint this lye:
(Megera comes) and caſt her fierye blocke,
among the heape that all in flames doeth flye.

Then on they? Captaine, the ſhoꝛlinges call and knocke,
but all in vaine, hæ coulde not helpe him ſelfe.
His ſinnes had tyed him faſter then the rocke,
hæ myght not part out of that woefull oelfe.

Then faſt vpon Saint Frauncis gan they crye,
mæ thought as it were a mad Mattins they ſong:
They were ſo pꝛickt with paines they had no time to lye,
the pariſhe was beguilde, the ſeconde peale not rong.
Some ſong Sanctamaria Ora pro nobis, (face:
with Senſars & Candleſticꝛes they bꝛake eache others
The Pope ſweare Gods ſoule Pax vobis,
who loſt but his labour there was ſo ſmall grace.

Some cryed on Saint Iames, and ſome on Saint Iohn,
and ſome on Saint Auſten, Saint Laurence and Leo.
On Saint Peter with his keyes, cryed many a one,
but among the whole rowte I heard not Laus deo.
Suche raye was neuer hearde, what euer they meant,
the noyſe ſhoke the clowdes that hang in the Skies:
With nailes and teethe, eache others fleſhe they rente,
that Ecco repoꝛtes the fearefull plaintes and cryes.

But when they ſæ that Morpheus kept his place,
this curſed Captaine faſt vpon him cryed:
And ſayde come Morpheus and helpe our woefull caſe,
beholde howe I and all my mates hæ fried.
No lenger leyn the truth they might foꝛ woe,
and Maugere of theyꝛ willes Pluto them compelde:
Wherfoꝛe and why, they vꝛged were to ſhoe,
and ſo at lengthe, theſe woꝛdes to him hæ telde.

The Traitour & the theef: both confeſſe the truth when they ſee no better.

I was (quod hæ) a Pope and of my name,
the Firſt I was and Alexander hight.
But foꝛ to hearе my life, no man may bide foꝛ ſhame,
that hath the dreade of God befoꝛe his ſight.

Full

But lende a while thy lyſtening eares to mée,
and I ſhall frieght thy head in hearing of the leaſt:
Sith my rewarde thou doeſt ſo perfite ſée,
to tell the truth at length I call it beſt.

In learned Scholes I had béene trayned long,
and hoyſte by fortunes wheele, I was a lofty height:
Yet ſtill my heart in high Ambition hong,
my head for higher ſtate, ſtill practiſde ſleight.
From highe to harre, I gaped euerye howre,
firſt calde Theodore Borgia of birth and line:
A Cardinall I thought not of greateſt power,
yet ſée my fortune in my later time.

Theodore Borgia created Pope and called Alexandre and ſurnamed the Bete.

(For as I ſayde) from height to harre, yet herte of all,
I thought to ſit, vnwoorthye though I were:
There was ſo many watching for the baite,
whoſe eyes by deuilliſhe arte, I did deceiue and bleare.
Many being of mightier birth and blood,
of greater fame then I by farre awaye,
Wouldde haue preuented mée with many a ſnub,
becauſe I ſought the ſeate, and Papal ſea.

And when I ſawe I could not reache the marke
and I wanted power and friendſhip tooe:
With conturation I gan to playe my parte,
and craftelye theyr mindes I altered newe.
Through Negromancie and Inuocation, I
calde vp a Deuill with whome I did conſarre:
Touching my ſuite, who anſwered by and by,
to graunt him his requeſt, hée would exalt mée harre.

Thus being conuerſaunt with Deuilles long,
theyr ayde and helpe I craued euery daye:
They anſwered mée with ſpeache of pleaſaunt tongue,
to doe theyr beſt they would not ſticke nor ſtaye.

The promise to the Deuill.

But firſt I muſt both couenaunt and bowe,
in preſence of the filthye Prince of darkeneſſe:
That all his Lawes infernall I ſhoulde allowe,
and thereunto addicte my ſelfe by practiſe.

Mons Caballus is a ſecrete houſe to worke inn vnder a little within Rome.

Whiche graunted was, and not denyed at all.
to Mons Caballus, a place not diſtant farre,
In a cleare daye this Prince infernall
I mette, ſo cloſe no liuing body warre,
In a Chambre there, him ſelfe hee did preſent
in Ritche apparell, and Golden rayes to ſee,
Three crownes vpō his head, Dight with ſtones Orient:
lyke ſtatelye robes hath not beene ſeene with eye.

A ſeemelye face preſenting midle age,
a ſtature meete as might bee thought in minde:
His countenaunce ſhewd, a perſon verye ſage,
whoſe wyll to mine, I prouided othes I ioynde.

A Prothonotarie is vnderſtande the greateſt writer or Clarke in whole like neſſe the Deuill ſhewd him ſelfe.

Thus corporate like a Prothonotarie,
or of the worlde the greateſt Prince of all:
What was it then that I ſaide vnto memorye:
but it was graunted mee without denialle?

For there hee graunted mee my hearties deſire,
and ſyr I ſhoulde bee Pope the next that was:
Crimes with the Phenixe ſet my heart on fire,
ſuche haſt I made to see it brought to paſſe.

Behold the fruites of our holye Father the Pope.

Then with a glaſſeme heart I wiſhte to knoe,
the time of my pontificalitie:
And howe I ſhoulde in ſtate of conqueſt goe,
becauſe I bare a deadlye hate to Italye.

The deceytfull doubtfull promiſe made by

Hee anſwered mee with great diſcrete and ſayde,
a Leuen and eyght I ſhoulde bee Pope of Rome:
But ſee at length, howe I was quitte and payde,
if you be not ſo when all was ſayde and doone.

I made accounte to proſper nineteene yeere,
and glad I was as any man might bee:
I thought to make them ſtoupe both farre and neere,
but yet I was deceyude, the Deuill failed mee.

the Deuil to the Cardinall.

Innocens of that name, the tenthe died ſtraight,
then by the moſt elections, placed was I:
In the chayre of Pompe, I ſtretchte my ſelfe on heyght,
for Pope I was proclaimed by and by.
Then Alexander the firt I had to name,
and all for Solemnization of degree:
Thus reckleſſe Rome agreed to the ſame,
bothe Kitche and Poze, then wilchte it ſo to bee.

Thus was the Pyter, with the Triple crowne,
ouchte rounde about with ſtones of worthye pryce,
(Set on my headde) in chayre of ſtatelye Rome,
igrauen ſubtelly by curious crafty vice.
Arayed in robes of glearing beaten Golde,
with Pearles depotherid here and there in ſight:
And at my feete in handes did Cardinals holde,
a Roſe of fineſt mettall coſtlye dighte.

I treade on Tiſſue, eache foote I ſet on grounde,
aboue my head was borne a ſhryne of golde:
Eache knee fell to the earth, to heare my voyce or ſounde,
who went at libertye, that I bad take or holde:
Kinges and Princes, with noble peeres I brought
in feare and awe ſo muche, they durſt not route,
Them and their countreys I ſackt & brought to nought
to mee and mine that would not bowe and ſtoupe.

All Italie in my wrathe I rente and ſhoke,
all Chriſtian Princes I vexed night and daye:
I banſhe Kinges, their regall ſeates I toke,
who durſt to mee, ſo hardye doe or ſaye.

Honoured

Honoured like a God I was in euery ſtæde.
Who ſpake againſt my Lawes that ſcaped death?
All faithfull men, with ſwoorde and fire I rid,
alleadging that they liu'de out of the Chriſtian faith.

Tyrantes proſper not long.

A Leuen yéres the Tyrante thus I plarde
and eyght monethes, then ſicke I fell at laſte:
I waxed feble, my courage quite decayde,
I pinde awaye and Atropos made haſte.
Thus I kept my bedde longe ſpace and time,
the cauſe thereof I gladlye wiſht to knoe:
So at the lengthe I calde a man of mine,
that of my ſecreates many times dio knoe.

Powes Wanckes Friers &c. in ſtede of gods worde ſtudied Coniuration Nigromancie & other curſed arts.

Modena was his name that beſt I truſt,
into my Warderoabe, my keyes withall I ſent:
There laye a Booke within a Cubbard thruſt,
of Nigromancie in *Serums* firſt frequent.
When as my ſeruaunt into my Warderoabe came,
(A Pope hée founde) all deckte in Ritche araye:
That ſéemed as hée thought a very earthly man,
Of whome afrayde, my ſeruaunt came his way.

And all a freight to me he tels this tale,
which drewe me in a maze and muſing minde:
Yet after a while, I calde my man by name,
and ſent him once againe the booke to finde.
This booke with golde and precious ſtones was bounde,
I neuer loued Chriſtes Teſtament halfe ſo well:
Of Nygromancie there was contained the grounde,
throughout the earth there was not any ſuch.

But when my man the Warderoabe entered
againe, he founde the Pope iawſting vp and downe:
Although he were afrayde, yet manly bentred,
and fainde himſelfe, as though he ſought a gowne.

But

But terriblye this Pope with ſparkling looke,
(ſayde to my man) my friende what doeſt thou here?
Where at hee ſhranke forgetting of the booke,
almoſt hee loſt his winde for very dread and feare.

With trembling fleſhe anon thus aunſwered hee:
for the Pope I come to fetche a Gowne (hee ſayd)
What Pope? (quod viſion) you haue no Pope but mee,
and I am hee, that ought to bee obeyde.
With this my man returned backe agayne,
and what hee ſawe reuealed in myne eare:
Whiche when I heard did much augment my payne,
for death at hande, I knew would ſtraight appeare.

The aunſwere of the meſſenger to the viſion, and the aunſwere of the viſion againe.

Then ſickneſſe did encreaſe, eache howre more and more,
and at the length, time gan to drawe ſo nye:
One like a meſſenger rapping at the doore,
with open mouth awaye diſpatche gan crye.
With this the doores abroade gan flye,
and rushing in hee comes to ſpeake with mee:
First word hee sayde: haſte haſte diſpatche (quod hee)
the time is come, from death thou canſt not flee.

Then I obiected to his charge full ſore,
the former promiſe that he made to mee:
Howe I ought to liue eyghte yeere by couenant more:
And if a leuen and eyght obſerued bee
(Quod hee) agayne my sayinges you haue miſtaken,
eleuen yeares eyght monethes was all I meant:
My promiſe to obſerue I haue not yet forſaken,
of eleuen yeeres eyght monethes not one doeth want.

The Pope is deceiued by the Deuilles craftye promiſe

Full glad I would haue crau'de a lenger time,
but all was vaine to ſpeake him fayre at all:
With cruell lookes, hee aunſwered: thou art mine,
thou ſhalt with mee, into the lake infernall.

And thus he turnde his backe and went his waye,
then straight my Corps, did yeld vp vitall breath:
My wofull spirite he toke with him that daye,
where nowe I am tormented with double death.

Loe, what it is to worke by Coniuration,
or to deale with deuils by wicked arte?
Beholde the ende of all abomination,
am I not well rewarded for my part?
A Guerdon méete is Hell, for suche as I,
that sought so much to sitte in statelye seate:
(No we who is Pope) vnhappye wretche I trye,
that am prepardo for Sathans hooke a baite.

A fayre warning for Coniurers & Inchanters. &c.

The saying is, a good beginning maks a good ending.

Loe Morpheus: thus I did beginne and ende,
I lefte my Sonne with all my heapes of treasure:
Through al the world, there was not one his friende,
poore and ritche still sought his great displeasure.
I lefte his Sister (whome both wée twoo)
as ofte as pleased vs did vse and take,
Carnallye eache night and daye wée knewe,
a common Concubine, I did my Daughter make.

Godlye actes of our holye father the Popes doinges.

And with these woordes, Mægæra commeth flying,
a thousande newe deuised plagues shée bringes:
Take heare (quod shée) your iust reward for lying,
and therewithal great flames of fire flynges.
This done, shée then departes a pace,
to put in vse her wonted cancarde nature:
A death it was for to beholde her face,
or else to bewe her vglye monstrous stature.

Where at the rable of all this recheles rancke,
immediatelye like bedlems sweare and stare:
Into the hollowe hole of gleydes they sancke,
where furious fiendes, they fleshe in péeces tare.

Thus

Thus they vaniſht, and fled out of our ſight,
with carefull cryes, our ruthful eares they fylde:
The pit with clowdes of fearefull irkeſome night,
and dreadful darkenes rounde about was hylde.

Yet many wée behelde, with offeringes and oblations
that approched nighe, for haſt they headlong came:
Frier Rulhe bare the Croſſe, Clarke of the ſeſſions,
a member of their Churche, the Popes owne man:
Thouſandes came knip knap, pattering on Beades,
Friars Monkes and Nunnes, came after with haſt,
As vowed Pilgrimes, came Wiues widowes & Maides,
of the holye Popes workes the fruites for to taſt.

Whome when I ſawe, they ſtate I did bewaile,
with teares I ſtepte a thouſand times my face:
Alas, they ſought that might not them preuaile,
the Pope their God, was in a woful caſe.
Yée broylde in fire, and endleſſe woe and paine,
and all his ſecte, they taſted of the ſame:
For worldly pleaſure, Hell is all they gaine,
Beſide on earth an euerlaſting ſhame.

Would God thought I, in this my drearye dreame,
my countrey men, were preſent nowe with me:
To bewe the plagues, where Papiſtes doe remaine,
that then they might that filthye faſhion flée.
And turne to Chriſt, which ſuffered for they: ſake,
the bloodye butchering Pope for to deteſt:
In health and wealth, they: prayers for to make,
to God of might that graunteth our requeſt.

But while that thus, I wayde the want of faith,
awaye (quod Morpheus) Lets packe and get vs hence:
Why beareſt thou not one gaſping for his breathe?
yea (quod I) but knowe not wel from whence

Frier Ruſh

The reward

The woefull noyſe doeth come, no; where it is,
gene mée thy hande (quod hée) and bée not fraide:
It is ſome Spyte rewarded for his miſſe,
whoſe carefull cryes, his wicked life bewrayde.

¶ His name his life, his actes that did complaine,
All at fewe wordes heereafter doe remaine.

¶ *The bookes verdite vpon this wicked* Pope.

O God howe worthy is thy name? Thou art our Lord and King.
As many as confeſſe the ſame, to ioye thou doeſt them bring,
And ſuch as doe thy name denye, and rob the of thy glory:
Thou doſt confound them by & by, and dashe them out of memory.
All ſecreates thou doſt knowe full wel, no man can hide from thee:
And all that in the earth doeth dwell, or in the heauens bee.
Or in the Seas or ſtony rockes, from farre thou doeſt behold
The fowles that ſcale the ſkies by flockes, and more then can be told.
The infernal lake quakes at thy voice, eache fiend doth howle and yel:
And thundreth out an odious noiſe, when they of the heare tell,
O filthie Tiraunt then to thee, (I ſpeake) that tooke in hande
Among vs all a God to bee, to rule both Sea and lande.
And heauen where the Lord doeth ſit, and hell where nowe thou art:
No doubt thou hadſt but litle witte, to playe that theeuiſhe part.
It is to *Alexander* that, with open mouth I crie:
VVoe worth the time he ſpared not, to leade the flocke awrie.
Loe, where he is that rulde the roſt, and euery kinde of feaſt:
VVhoſe vaunting tongue would boaſt, he was a Father bleſt
As well within the holie throne, as lowe in *Stigian* Lake: (take.
And that he could both vp and downe, bring whome he pleaſde to
Twenty hundreth thouſand ſoules, at Maſſe he could remoue:
VVith ſealing of his Bulles and ſcrowles, or wagging of his Gloue.
So could he pul them downe from God, when pleaſed him againe:
As thicke as flakie ſnowe abroade, or miſtie dropping Raine.

And

And thus the woolfe deuoured our good,& made vs ſlaues & drudges
Sackt our countries,ſpoylde our bloode,and made vs liue like ſnudges.
Kilde our ſoules and bodies two,deflowred wiues and maydes:
And kept from vs Chriſts teſtamēt new, and gaue vs bels and baides
Olde rotten rellickes,ſtockes,and ſtones, and Ceremonies blinde:
VVith ſtinking pardons for the nonce,to feede our foolish minde.
Thus with his Gods both deafe and dumbe,he tyſte vs from the Lord:
VVhich ſent from heauen Chriſt his ſonne,as ſcriptures doe recorde.
VVhoſe precious bloud hath made vs free,from hell and all hir ſting
And hellish Pope from thine and thee,which God his people wring.
I yrke to name him any more,and faint within my breaſt:
Vengance doth vpon him rore, the Lorde hath thee deteſt.
Thy iuſt rewarde among thy mates, with laſting paines is quit:
In flashing flames bewayle their ſtates,in dolefull dreade they ſit.
Yet would they ſay that with a maſſe,they could *Plegethon* quenche:
And all the ſoules that damned were, deliuer with a blenche.
And yet themſelues lye broyling there,in fire paſt the crownes:
And with their Idoles ſweate & ſweare,though here they ſat in thrōs
Me thinke them fooles that had ſuch ſkill,in fetching ſoules from hel:
And be compelde againſt their will, in carefull Caue to dwell.
Sith *Italie* had cauſe to ioye, at this vile Tyrantes death:
VVhat cauſe haue we to thanke the Lorde,that are reſtorde to fayth?
From bondage now are ſet at large, and woolues deliuered fro:
And therefore duetie giueth charge, our thankefull heartes to sho.
Lets lift our handes with ioyed heart,that liuing be this time:
That Gods true worde in euery part,may florish ſtill and shine.
Let *Alexander* ſaue him ſelfe, with all his holie ſkill:
For with his rellickes and ſuch pelfe, he may doe what he will.
No doubt he lyeth there for ſport,to paſſe the time away:
Or elſe to vewe the greate reſort, shat Ladies Pſalter ſaye.
Perhaps that Purgatorie paines,he will to bliſſe conuert:
The ſillie ſoules that there remaines,shall taſte no more of ſmart.
Fie on him fie,and all his mates, the heauens curſe him yet:
Of flaming hell he is the gates,and guide to *Stigian* pit.
His ſtincking Maſſes let him take,and Ceremonies blinde:
Doom Gods a thouſand though hee make,according to his minde.

Yet he and they doe perish all, the ſcripture prooues it plaine:
So doe as many ſlippe and fall, as to his loare doe leane.
But let vs builde vpon the rocke, of Chriſtes Goſpell pure:
So wee with him amongſt his flocke, for euer ſhall endure.
VVhere as one God and perſons three, be prayſed day and night:
And where we ſhall for euer bee, alwayes within his ſight.

Young Tarquine *rewarded for his wickedneſſe.*

AWaye with all your playntes and blobering teares,
Your carefull cryes ſhut vp in ſilence quite:
For here behoulde ſuch cruelneſſe appeers,
Of all the reſt but I no wight hath felt the like.
Hell ſhowes hir force on me with doubl: ſpite,
No paine to mine, nor none ſo worthy blame,
As I deſerue, I well confeſſe the ſame.

O pryde, pryde, of miſchiefe roote and all,
Wo worth the time I thee delighted ſo:
Thou made me climbe vntill I catcht the fall,
Not onely to my ſhame, but alſo endleſſe wo.
Through pryde, I loſt both loue, and honor long ago,
Pryde ruled me ſo much, no goodneſſe I regarded.
Therefore for wickedneſſe beholde I am rewarded.

Of noble line and race, deſcended I,
And a Ruler was, and Ruler might haue béene,
But yet my heart in wretched neſſe did lye:
I feard not God, nor forſt his lawes a pinne,
I ranne my race alwayes in deadly ſinne.
I cleane forgot my ſelfe, and eke from whence I came,
I rather thought my ſelfe a God then mortall man.

For

For who, had that, which I did lacke or want,
Of golde or ſiluer or ſtones of precious price?
For my bodie, coſtlye apparell was not ſkant,
Nor nothing elſe that pryde might well entice,
Thus vertue decayde, but ſtill increaſed vice.
To pamper vp the paunche, the filthy fleſhe fulfill,
I wholy gaue my ſelfe with earneſt heart and will.

Which cauſed me to acumilate eche houre,
Vpon my heade more plagues then can be namde:
The Gods agreed their vengance for to poure
On earth for aye: my name I ſtainde and ſhamde,
Thus may you beare how I am iuſtly blamde.
To my diſprayſe, and to the prayſe of ſome,
That by my loſſe to honour & great prayſe haue come.

Sith Morpheus thou art here, and brought thy friend with (thee
Be witneſſe of the woe that Tarquine bydeth here:
Sith Poets haue pende the wicked life of mee,
Of my rewarde thou mayſt reporte well here.
For the purpoſe none more meeter then thou here:
It is no councell that all the worlde doth knoe,
Nor yet forgot, that was done long agoe.

Fie on rapine, through guilefull treaſon wrought,
Fie on the ſwelling fleſh that ſoule and bodie kils:
Fie on filthineſſe, whoſe ende is euer nought,
And fie on folly, that all good maner ſpils.
Take heede all you that follow fleſhly wils,
Of me prowde Tarquine made a mirror clere.
So may you ſhunne the paines I ſuffer here.

Beholde, when I did Lucrece finde in bed, ☞
Through harmefull fleight premeditate before,
With naked ſworde in hand to hir I ſayde:
Conſent to me (quoth I) elſe ſhalt thou liue no more:

Thy

Thy tender fleshe this Launce shall carue full sore:
Then will I slea the worst thy house within,
Ile make report you were committing sinne.

Which wordes did rauishe so her noble sence and witte,
That tremblingly shee quakes, as doeth the Aspen Leafe:
Feare streight compeld her quakinglye to sit,
Like as shee woulde depart with vitall breath,
The naked Sworde in sight, still threatning present death,
Thus I rauisht a Ladye both vertuous and chaste,
Wherfore I am cõpelde, (alas) these sorowes to taste.

Whereat eache tongue did taike to my dispraise,
And for the same, I banisht was for euer:
(With then) all my posteritie aye euermore decayes.
Loe thus the Gods their vengance doe deliuer:
Bewayled be the daye that then I did com thither.
Among my wicked dædes, this onely was the worst,
Therefore I was and am for euermore accurst.

I am a sacke of sorrowe in this sincke
And stinking puddle wherein you se me lye:
Whose faultes with mine respondent pende with inke,
Were euer hearde or scande with learned eye?
As vice to my reproache, so vertues Fame doth flye
Both' praise of Lucrecia and example of all such.
As of hir doe delight, and of me doe reade much.

For when this wilfull act committed was,
And I had fed my lust this noble matron on:
Then for to liue, nothing she loued lesse,
With wringing handes, Alas she maketh mone,
Come Atropos (quoth shee) make hast that I were gone
And crying still, come Clotho come make spæde,
Of Lucrece life, vntwine the fatall thræde.

Then

Then pardon craued ſhée of Colatine
And of hir father Spurius by and by:
I haue made offence, wo worth the wicked time,
Thus wéping sayde this Lady rufully:
I hearing this from thence departed ſpedilye. (teares,
And left in wofull plight, this Dame drowned vp with
Whoſe vertues, in women full rarely now appeares.

Colatine was the husband of *Lucrece.*

But al you Ladies, Wiues, and Maides eache one,
Of what degrée or yet eſtate you bée:
No doubte although Lucrecia bée gone,
As myrrour maye remaine, this storye when you ſée.
So may you learne the gifte of chaſtitye,
What loue you ought your husbandes for to beare,
In ſpending of her daies, the proſe doeth plaine apeare.

O wretched wight (quod he) howe dare I shewe my face?
The earth doeth threate this wilfull acte of myne:
It is, and wilbe Judgde I wanted grace,
Thus loſing honour, I ſtaynde my Auncientes line.
At all that beare my name, the people doe repine.
Yea the very ſtones that in the ſtreates doe lye,
Into the Heauens, vpon this crime doe crye.

Then wiſhed shée Ipolas happye chaunce,
Or Virgineas ende, or Didos long agoe: (vaunce,
(Quod shée) thereof this deede, faiſe Taquine ſhould not
That nowe for euer, ſhame abroade ſhal bloe.
And ſhall my husband wexe him ſerued ſo?
That ſhall hée not, (quod shée) a ſworde shée toke,
In blattering blood, the vit all breath forſoke.

Loe Morpheus, alas, nowe haue I tolde thée all,
And of my being here, the cauſe wherefore and whye.
Nowe mayſt thou thinke, my grace was very ſmall,
That in my life coulde not for mercye crye.

But wickednesse craues vengeaunce, to the skye.
And not without a cause the Gods doe punishe hate,
And so they doe al them that liue in whoredome state.

But Morpheus, Morpheus, sith thou sæst my lot,
A blessed dæde it is, the same for to declare:
From Ritche and Powre, I praye the hide it not,
Proclaime howe wicked men rewarded are.
From Pride and whoredome, wishe thy friendes beware.
The time is short on earth they haue to dwell,
But endles tormentes euer bide in hell.

If mortall men did knowe, what paine is heare,
Then woulde they lothe the worlde they loue so well:
Their pompe, their Pride, and all their glittering geare,
To punishe the paunche, some feare would sure compell.
All treason and fleshlye fraude, for to expell.
All Tyrantes trades no doubte, they would forgoe,
And if they felt the least of this my woe.

But hæ that blinded is, with ease and wealth,
Their rauisht heartes hath dulde their wittes as lead:
Gods feare is gone, and eache man for him selfe,
To purchase pelfe the worldling toyles his head.
The Childe forgettes his Father being dead.
To taste of death him selfe, no deale mistruste,
Tyll grizlye ghoste do blowe, that nædes away he muste.

Alas howe vaine is all thing on the earth,
What care to catche, what feare to kæpe it still:
What sorrowe it settes, where should bæ ioye and mirth,
Ingendering hate, there as should bæ good will.
Prouoking wrath, The verye spirite to spill.
And yet beholde howe euerye man doth watche,
And with the trowte the choking hoke doth catche.

And

And thus fare well nowe gette you hence from mée,
You knowe my minde, deale in it as you will:
My wicked acte, and luſte rewarde you ſée,
And howe my paine increaſeth euer ſtill.
Awaye (quod hée) beholde downe yonder hill
Alecto comes with flaming flaſhing winges,
For pride & whoredome, a thouſand plagues ſhée brings.

Then ſtreight departed wée and left him there,
And wandering vp and downe, thoſe ſmokye pittes:
Wée thought a rufull voice, as it a woman were,
Falſe bye, declard what plagues ſhée felt by fittes.
To heare her plaint I almoſt loſt my wittes.
On whoredome ſtill ſhée cryed, woe worth that wicked ſinne,
That mortal fleſhe ſo much delighteth in.

But when I calde to minde the leade wherein,
I ſawe Tarquinius lye, with flames of Brimſtone whote:
In middes whereof, hée ſtode vp to the chinne,
All blubberid with bliſters, alas not frée one ſpotte,
And howe with ſodden Pitche, his body all was blotte.
Two fiends ſhot thonderboltes, at him on either ſide,
Whereat hée dowkes, his careful face to hide.

Thus in this fornace, amid theſe boyling heates,
Hée ſtandeth to the Chin, but when hée dowketh ſoe:
And thus the fezing dartes, ofte in his viſage beates,
The feare thereof increaſeth double woe.
Thus Tarquine was rewarded, and ſo were thouſandes moe.
That had theyr facies declared to theyr face,
Which was to late as then, to crye for grace.

The rewarde of Medea *for hir*

wicked actes, and falſe deceyuing of hir father, ſleying of hir children and hir owne Brother, and working by inchauntment. This hiſtorie is merueylous tragicall, and a good example for VVomen.

DReadfull Stix, boyle vp thy poyſoned flodes,
and cruell Cacus tormentes newe deuiſe:
Giue ſentence Mynos of theyr guiltleſſe blodes
that murderers handes haue ſhed in any wiſe.
You furies fell, why doe you yet deſpiſe
with greater plagues my paines for to increaſe,
And for to ſee the blode of Innocents ariſe,
whoſe mouthes from crying vengance neuer ceaſe?

And where ſhée ſtode, hir heade ſhée caſt awry,
In wofull plight as euer wretch might be,
And ſo by chaunce at length did Morpheus ſpie,
whoſe open iawes, gryed ſtreight to him and me.
Saying Morpheus come and bring thy frinde with thée,
a greater newes to learne thou ſhalt in haſt,
Of all thou haſt peruſed with thine eye,
I worthy am the greateſt griefe to taſte.

I knowe thou camſt from place where Hellen rolues,
in th'irkeſome lake where doubtfull Dragons bée,
And yet hir wicked life and mine God knowes
are not to be compared, although that ſhée,
For certaine yeares liued in adulterie,
and betrayed hir huſbande, good noble Menelaus,
Set Greece and Troy at great mortalitie,
ſhed blode, ſackt Cities, baniſht goodly lawes.

Yet

(Yet this hir fact, not halfe like mine alas)
why doth not hell brayde out hir ſtinking breth?
And my deſertes much worſe then Hellens was,
(Hell ſpew thy ſpight) deuoure me once with death.
Will neither ruthe, nor ſpight, ſtirre vp your heartes?
will none of thoſe once moue you to diſpatche,
But will you alwayes playe ſuch cruell partes?
more wiſhing death, more lingering life I catche.

(Quoth Morpheus) what is thy name declare it,
where waſt thou borne, why art thou plagued tell?
(Quoth ſhee) againe, no more I will not ſpare it,
Make haſt (quoth hee) I may not tarry well.
At the which, with greeuous ſcriking yell,
ſhee did deſcribe hir wicked crimes and name,
I am (quoth ſhee) ſo puniſht here in hell,
that palſeth wight with tongue to tell the ſame.

My name is Medea (quoth ſhee) moſt trewe,
daughter I was to Oetes that worthy king:
Which had the Ramme where fleece of golde ygrewe,
the greateſt iewell of any earthly thing.
Which was my fathers, and in his keeping,
watcht with a Bull, that was of worthy might,
And a Dragon with mightie poyſoned ſting,
that ſtoutly kept this Ramme both day and night.

Many a worthy Prince and champion ſtoute,
had loſt their liues in venture giuing,
Which neuer brought their purpoſe yet about,
nor no man to this day but Iaſon liuing.
Deuoured they were by the rauening of theſe two,
he loſt his life, that thought to win his ſhoes:
Theſe beaſtes ſo violently did all men purſue,
that for to die might neyther will nor chooſe.

In olde ſaying, al couet, all loſe.

Which

Whiche was my Fathers chiefe of exaltacion,
hée florished in wealth no Prince his like :
Dread hée was of euerye lande and Nation,
hée forste no strength of all his foes a mite.
And yet of treasure all, he sette his chiefe delite
on mée his Daughter deare, that sought his griefe:
I quite my Fathers loue with mortall spite,
I playde the whore, the murderesse and the théefe.

Harke nowe Morpheus, what a parte I playde,
by my Father deare my Brother and my Childe:
And what a noble quene I afterward betrayed,
with many moe by wicked arte I broilde.
And other some I banished and exilde,
by Deuillishe wayes as women shoulde not doe:
For why they ought with mercye to bée milde,
and not theyr wicked willes for to pursue.

Beholde howe I did nature quite forsake,
for this I dio as true as here I am:
When Iason came this conquest for to make,
(false traitour I) through mée the fléece hée wanne.
For arte of wicked Charme I straight beganne,
for Iason sake my Parent to betraye:
Dismaide my Father fillye Aged man,
abandoned his house, with Iason ranne awaye.

By incantacion: I brought it so to passe,
that Iason slewe bothe Bull and grisly Beast:
Atchiu'de all thinges as his desire was,
for of my Brother I caused him possest,
That in the Regall seate, shoulo crowne & scepter beare.
in Colcos Lande it booted not to rest:
For why my Father so greate an hoast did reare.
with fléele to flye, we thought it was the best.

For

For why harde by my Father followed faſt,
But to eſcape his handes, harke what I did:
I hilde my Brother, his armes and legges I caſt
Throughout the fielde whereas my Father rid.
Which when my Father ſawe, ſo ill betide,
and knewe his ſonne thus martyred for to bée:
With woefull cheare to get them vppe ſtraight hide.
togeather (alas) eache chopped péece layde hée.

Then downe his Aged face, doeth tumble teares apace.
and vp in armes the Martyred head doeth gette:
Oh Sonne moſt deare, alas (quod hée) for grace,
and many a kiſſe on deadlye mouth doth ſette.
And then with nayles, his face he rentes and teares,
that downe the purple ſtreames of blod doe flée:
And readye death within his face appeares,
but ſtyll he cryed, (alas) deare ſonne for thée.

To tell but halfe the morning that hée made,
no doubte your eyes like conduice ſpoutes would run,
For verye woe hée pulleth out a blade,
to flea him ſelfe for ſorrowe of his ſonne.
But yet his men and ſeruauntes chaunſte to come,
my carefull Father there they did preuent:
Or elſe no doubte more miſchiefe had béene done,
and all through mée, accurſt and diſobedient.

Then after ſtormes of many woefull plaintes,
perſwaded by ſuche men as wittye were:
Like as Apelles Agamemnon, paintes,
I maye compare my Fathers dreirye chére:
Then in meane while, that hée was ſtayed there,
with ſpéde from Colcos Iaſon, and I did paſſe
For my Brothers funerall, hée builded Aulters fayre
to Sacrifice vpon, as then the maner was.

Loe,

Loe by my Father thus I playde the the thefe,
gainſt nature and womanhood my Brother ſlewe:
And vſed witchcraft againſt the true beleefe,
and like a Traitres, awaye with Iaſon flewe.
Haſte thou euer harde of any ſo vntrue?
To playe like part I thincke did neuer none:
Naye Morpheus yet moze miſchiefe did I bzewe,
foz after this I murdered many a one.

Through Nigromancie, Eſon being olde,
from crabbed crooked Age, I made him yong againe:
Liuelye and lightſome, actiue and bolde,
and purelye purged in euerye Puls and vaine.
And Trees being dead I made beare fruite againe,
which increaſed my credite, moze then euer it was:
Through falſe crafte, I cauſde Pelleus be ſlaine,
by his Daughters handes I bzought it ſo paſſe.

Whome I made beleeue, as Eſon did.
that Pelleus they: Father ſhould youth acheiue:
And tolde them playne in doing as I bid,
hee ſhould bee altered newe, not feeling paine noz greefe.
Thus I illuding them, they thought it true,
(So did Pelleus him ſelfe) that time good man:
That being ſlaine from age to youth a newe,
hee ſhoulde bee chaunged by killing of a Ram.

(The trueth was nothing ſoe) it was my fetche,
to cauſe his Daughters, their Fathers blood to ſhed:
An olde Ram I badde them flea and wittely to watche,
that no man ſawe, when they to wozke pzocede.
But (quod I) looke that your Father bleede
in one veſſell, and with this Ram at once:
And doing thus, I ſaide that by and by with ſpeede,
they: Father ſhould ariſe with youthful fleſh and bones.

Theſe

Theſe ſillye Siſters and Daughters to this man,
beléeued well this ſubtile tale of mine:
And as I bad, they ſlewe an aged Ram,
and ſo they did theyr Father deare in fine.
Beléeuing faithfullye by power deuine,
that theyr olde Father ſhould bée made yong:
(Alas) which was not ſo, but onelye craft of mine,
to make an ende of him whome I had hated long.

Thus exited I, by craft theyr woorke alas,
and dead lyeth theyr father bléeding faſt.
But harke, Morpheus harke, how it then came to paſſe,
miſchiefe hath euer her due reward at laſt.
I thought this wicked déede, that thus was done and paſt,
woulde beſt haue pleaſed Iaſon, then my Loorde:
Which chaunſte not ſo, for hée with all the haſt
fled from mée quite, and all my actes abhoorde.

And ſo to Corinthe, to Creon, Then the King
hée toke his waye as ſtraight as thing might bée:
Who had a Daughter called Cruſo, (bewties darling)
whome Iaſon married, and ſo refuſed mée,
Whereat Dame Fame ſound vp her Trumpet hye,
eache liuing eare was filled with the ſame:
Which made mée broyle as whot, as gleyde might bée,
till I had ſpilde this tender noble Dame.

Which through Magike, and vile Coniuration,
A cofer I inuented with diuers Jewels moe:
Subtillye contriued of a ſtraunge faſhion,
with the which to Creuſo, I made my ſonnes to goe,
To preſent the ſame, that liuelye Ladye too,
who gratefullye receyued it, but yet (alas) beguilde:
For through my arte, when as it was vndoe,
there flewe forth fire, that burnde both man and childe.

Consumde to dust this Ladye fresh and gaye,
burnde all the pallas fiue yardes within the grounde:
Urged Iason him selfe to flee away,
or else with fire he had beene streight confounde.
Many a wofull heart I made within that stounde,
the Clowdes themselues, bewayling teares let fall.
The rockes and hilles brake out their plainting sounde,
beside the guiltlesse blode, that did for vengance call.

Of noble Iason thus the heart I slewe,
who thought to be reuengde of mine iniquitie:
Towards me when I perceyu'de he drew,
my two sonnes left aliue, without compassion or pitie,
Which were both tender, well made, and wittie,
of my body begot, and naturallye borne,
For malice to their father Iason, and the Citie,
I cut their throtes (and made their bodies torne,

With wilde horses) vp and downe the streete,
beside much mischiefe more than this be sure.
In all this stincking vale, yet did thou neuer meete
with any wretch that did like greefe procure.
But who so euer meanes, in wickednesse to byde,
or leade a Tyrauntes life, in thend shall haue reward,
According his deserts, this cannot be denyed.
Though mortall flesche thereto haue no regarde.

And then (quod she) thou knowest my name and why
that I am thus tormente in Stygion pitte,
O that witches and Coniurers knew so well as I,
of Ioues mightie dome that doth in heauen sitte,
Then would they mende, if they had grace or witte,
To serue the Lorde would set their whole delight:
And disobedient children would their follye flitte,
assuredly the Lorde at length doth smite.

And with theſe woꝛdes her paines increaſte ſo ſoꝛe,
(But that ſhée ſayde) repoꝛt good Morpheus thus:
Oꝛ elſe at all wée heard her ſaye no moꝛe,
but that ſhée ſhꝛikte as one that toꝛmente is.
Thus ſeeing the reward of her wicked déedes,
Wée ſtayed a while her toꝛmentes to behold:
Which at a moment, both daye and howeꝛ bꝛéedes,
much moꝛe then can by any tongue bée tolde.

To ſée the ſtaring Deuilles with fiery ſpeares, The toꝛmentes of *Stigion.*
on Dꝛagons backes with poiſoned pumples pight:
As at a Quintan, at Medea, eche Tyꝛant beares,
and thꝛough her runnes, that tꝛickling blood appeares.
Then from the ſcalding heart, by violence out teares,
Hote flames of fire, at woundes on euery ſide,
Monſters with hoꝛnes, and lothſome louped eares,
Kanne on this wꝛetch, with gnaſhing teeth they eryed.

The blood by murder, this wicked wꝛetche had ſhed,
thondered vengeaunce, whoſe terrible noyſe,
Heapte double paines vpon her wꝛetched head,
and filde that dꝛeadeful vale, (alas) with woeful noiſe.
Innumerable of Witches, out of theyꝛ Cabbins roſe,
with ſcreming ſcrikes, they yelded loude and hye.
Hote Pitche and Bꝛimſtone, eache one on othes thoſe,
A hell it ſelfe, mée thought it was to ſée.

Eache one in hande, begrypte a Butchers knife,
the blades in fleſhe on euerye ſide they hide:
The thꝛoate, the Guttes, oꝛ nerte to ridde the life,
the moꝛtall woundes they make on euery ſide.
Then ſtraight with thundꝛing thꝛoate Mægæra cryde,
come, Cacus, come, bꝛing double paine and woe:
Let wickedneſſe in endles flames bée fride,
come, come, the Gods haue ſixte it ſoe

At which came Cacus, and Cloudes of fire ſhakes,
more fearefull farre then blaſte of ſtorming winde
Eache pitte boylde vp, the craggye mountayne quakes,
all crawling creepes, the Snakes of Serpentes kinde.
No greater griefe, no damned ſpyte coulde finde,
For out of flaſhe, to gleydes of glowing coale,
From paine, to paine, from place to place aſſignde,
and al to toyle and teare the woefull ſoule.

And thus we lefte this late rewarded Dame,
and ſo adreſt our ſelues, to crooked Charons bote,
Where many a wandering ſpirite, had paſſage by ỹ ſame,
through boyling broath, three times as ſalter hote,
With muche a doe, at length we paſſage gote,
and downe the ſmoaking bankes, we crepte on knée,
Tyll at the length by chaunce it was our lotte,
two men to ſee tormented woefullye.

The bookes verdite vpon Medea.

HEr cauſe who can bewaile, that plaide this butchers parte:
As from her father deare to ſteale, that lou'de her in his hart.
Her brother thus to ſlea, the Parentes hearts to kill:
And with a ſtraunger ronne awaye, to feede her fleshly will.
The guiltleſſe blood to ſucke, of *Creuſo vvorthy Dame*:
And all at once vppon a rocke, to waſt in fiery flame.
Beſide, her Children deare, hath wounde with mortall knife.
The ſmiling Babes her body beare, bereft their tender life.
VVhat eyes can ſtint from fluddes, whoſe eares doe vnderſtande
To cal to minde the gyltles bloods, ſhed by this womans handes?
VVhat harme by witchraft done, it paſſeth tongue to tell:
Or any heart to thinke the ſomme, or hand to penne it well.
(Alas) whoe would haue thought, that in a womans breaſt:
Dame nature would haue let been wrought, to breede ſo much vnreſt?

But

But harde it is to truſt, what euer that shee bee:
That to hir father is vniuſt, shee meanes the ſame to thee.
But loe you cruell Dames, that loue your wils ſo much:
I ſpeake it now to all your shames, if there be any ſuch.
Medea now is gone, that all the bate did brewe:
Take heede among you there be none, with hir to prooue vntrewe.
You witches all take heede, you ſee how God rewardes:
And what appoynted is your meede, that diuelish actes regardes.
Leaue of your inuocation, your croſsings and your charmes:
(Alas) it is abomination, and doth increaſe your harmes.
You parents it is time, to looke your younglings to:
Leaſt with this Prince, you ſay in fine, heartes eaſe and child adue.
Keepe in your daughters ſtrayght, beſt counſell I can geue:
Leaſt that perhaps shee catch a bayte, that both your harts may greue.
And bring them vp in feare, and godlie bookes to reede:
And then be ſure that thou shalt heare, that wel thy chide shall ſpeede
And banish wilie will, from out thy daughters place:
His ſleyghtie shiftes will thouſands ſpill, you know he wanteth grace
Let bouldeneſſe banisht be, lay libertie aſide:
And looke you neuer doe agree, to paint them vp in pride.
And ſo you shall reioyce, your daughters dayes to ſee:
VVith *Helchias* lift vp your voyce, with prayſe as glad as hee.
Thus farwell Virgins all, God guide you in his way:
I doubt not but *Medeas* fill, your tender heartes shall fraye.
And ſith shee broyles in hell, whereas releaſe is none:
There I am ſure that shee shall dwell, it helpeth not to mone.
I cannot weepe therefore, to thinke what partes shee playde:
Shee loſt hir ſoule for euermore, hir name is quite decayde.
Take heede, hir gaines you ſee, the Gods not one doe ſpare:
For this or that, looke what they be, rewarded well they are.

The wordes of tormented Tantalus, being rewarded for his extortion and couetouſnes: Oppreſsing of the poore people of his Countrey: And for other wicked actes.

If any here haue cauſe for to complaine,
What maye I doe that pined am for fode?
I wiſhe and wante, I craue but all in vaine,
I ſée the tempting fruite, and ſo I doe the flod:
Whereof to eate and drinke, I wiſh none other god.
If all the worlde were mine, ſharpe hunger gnawes me
To haue my belly filde, al this I would forgoe. (ſo,

No ioye nor pleaſure, halfe doth glad the heart,
Nor greateſt thing that minde hath thought moſt ſwéete:
Though all were mine, in euery place and parte,
And that eache man were knéeling at my féete,
Like pleaſure to this woe, was not compared yet.
For hunger paſſeth all, who knewe his part with mée,
No death ſo bad, as liuing thus to bée.

Gregor. But wickednes want'h not his iuſt reward.
All you that beare rule therefore
Howe you come thereby, it's beſt you haue regard:
And being mighty, how you vſe the powre.
Your owne infirmityes remember euermore.

Bernar. Beware of couetouſnes, it's a ſlye and ſleyghtye baite,
The father of Ipocriſie, and forger of diſceite.

And ambition is a priuie poiſon,
It's alſo a peſtilens, couered cloſſe:

Plutar. The nouriſhe of enuie, the fountaine of treaſon,
The mouthe of make bate, to all mens loſſe,
The blinder of hartes, as the world nowe goes.

Herm. Making of remedies, diſeaſes greate ſtore,
And of pure ſalues, many a great ſore.

But hée that ſéekes aboue the reſt to bée,

Tullius. And gapes to reache the higheſt ſtarre aloffe:

No doubt many times forgetteth equitie,
And alſo Juſtice, it plaine appeareth ofte.
Who deſireth glorye, that fortune hath not ſkofte?
Though lulde a while, within her fickle lappe,
At length ſhe leaues him cadgde within her cruel trappe.

But al to late alas I doe confeſſe,
My wicked crimes, wherefore I ſuffer nowe.
In time and ſpace, I would not finde redreſſe.
To God nor man, I would not bende nor bowe:
No mans Judgement but mine owne I would allowe.
Repent that life, I thought I had no neede,
For as on earth, I thought eache where to ſpeede.

Though for my helpe, confeſſion come to late, *Auguſt.*
Yet in time, confeſſion is a remedie:
It confoundeth vices, reſtoreth vertues to eache eſtate.
Deuilles it vanquiſheth, in greateſt extremitie:
The Gates of Paradiſe, it openeth moſt freely.
Gods vengeaunce ceaſſeth, if man confeſſe betime, *Ambroſ.*
But ſo to doe, the grace was neuer mine.

Sith confeſſion is the life of a ſinner, *Barnar.*
A glorye to good men, and neceſſary to thoffendour.
Hée that will not confeſſe, whereof he was beginner,
His grace with mine maye bée called ſclender.
But happye is hée that goodes ill gotte doth render
To them againe, from whence they came at firſt,
Hée ſure otherwaies they ſtande to God accurſt.

(Alas) how vaine is pleaſure, that moſt ſo much imbrace? *Auguſt.*
With what diligence, and expectacion men
Doe ſéeke this worldly wealth, that bideth but a ſpace?
Sliding ſlilye hence, no time appointed when,
Wherefore I wiſhe you all, Gods haſty wrath to ken:
Boaſt not to daye, what thou wilt doe to morrowe, *Hieron.*
Ere the Sun go downe, thy mirth may turne to ſorow.

Set

Chriſoſt. Set little by richeſſe, and riche ſhalt thou be,
Set leſt by renowme, and faine ſhall loue thée beſt:
Care not for afflictions, take them quietlie,
Let reaſon rule thée, ſo ſhalt thou be in reſt.
He that ſcapes the wrath of mightie Ioue is bleſt.
But they that wicked are, no doubt muſt plagued bée,
Seneca. What needeth better proſe, or tryall but by me.

Iacobus. For iudgement without mercie is euer due
To them that be vnmercifull to the poore:
But ſure mightie men, doe thinke Gods worde not true,
They thinke to liue, and dure for euermore,
As I my ſelfe did, Alas I crye therefore.
My wicked déedes, my woe doe ſtill increaſe,
And puttes me out of doubt, my paines ſhall neuer ceaſe.

Plinius. One day déemeth another from time to time
Of this, or that, as things doe chaunce to fall:
But the laſt day giueth iudgement, declaring euery crime
When eche man is compelde to make accountes for all,
Then ſweete worldely welth, doth taſte like bitter gall.
Who hath ſuſtained wrongs, for vengaunce then ſhall cry.
Th'oppreſſors of the poore, ſhal periſh by and by.

And with theſe wordes, he snatcheth at the trée,
The fruite whereof, declined to his lippe:
Which on the ſodain, from hys mouth gan flée,
And flowes with ſwelling waues vpon his chinne doe bit.
Yet might he not attaine thereof one bit.
But ſtaruing ſtandes, bet wéene these two for feede:
Diſguiſde for want of meate, this carefull Caitiue ſtood.

And looking backe by chaunce hée Morpheus eſpyed
(And me) that ſtoode vpon a bancke aboue:
To whome ſtreight waye hée ſhowted, boulde and cryed,
Come nére good Morpheus and ſée the paines I proue.

And

And warne all them, to whome thou beareſt loue,
my wicked lyfe, that once I ledde to flée:
Byd them reſtore the goodes got wrongfully.

And what's thy name quoth Morpheus woulde I know?
From whence thou came, of whome thou art deſcended?
And why thou doeſt endure this cruell woe,
What haſt thou done, the Gods be thus offended?
My actes (quoth hée) might well haue bene amended.
But when I was on earth, and had the worlde at will, *Lactantius*
I neuer thought to dye, but to haue lined ſtill.

I am the ſonne of Iupiter, a God of mightie fame,
And borne of Plote, as witneſſe writers olde,
And at my birth had Tantalus to name,
Lorde of many a countrie. I was a Captaine bolde,
But the cauſe of my plague the Poets haue miſtolde.
Yet Morpheus thou ſhalt here the cauſe wherfore and
The Gods awarde me here to wayle and crye. (why

Some thinke the Gods toke vengaunce for my ſonne,
Young Pelops, whome when I wanted meate,
And that the Gods vnto my houſe did come,
Becauſe ſome ſaye I ſlewe him for to eate,
The Poets therefore thought that I thys fléing bayte,
Was iudged by the Gods alwayes to want & wish:
(As ſtill I doe) but yet the cauſe was this.

For in my countrie none but I the chéefe:
Subiect vnto me they were both far and nie.
Who was ſo hardie but maugre of his téeth,
I pluckt him on his knées, and if he lokt awry?
But (alas) of wicked counſell each houre may I crye,
Which put it in my heade, the powre for to ſubdue
In Phrigia where I rulde, which now full ſore I rue.

What could bée thought, that earthly man might please,
To pompe the paunche, or fede the grædy eye?
(Nothing at all) but by the lande or seas,
With a word of my mouth, I had it by and by.
I thought to mount aboue the starry skye.
A woefull chaunce betide, the causers of my smart,
Which counseld mée to play, the Tyrantes parte.

Repentaunce to late.

Alas, alas, what grace had I vile wretche,
To poule, and spoile, my subiectes as I did?
Out of reason, their rentes I did both racke and retche:
And another sort from house and grounde I rid:
Compeld them to bandone familye and kinred,
I banisht whome mée list, eache man was glad to please
Both mée and mine, that thought to liue at ease.

I neuer had inough, ne could I bée content
To take the world as all my elders did:
I famisht the countrey with fines and double rent.
Esteeming not the mite, that poore men to me offred,
I gapte for gobs of Golde, which grædily I coffred.
Money was my desire, get it howe I might,
Of Ritche or Poore, all one, as wel by wrong as right.

Wicked counsell.

But Morpheus, no we to tell the sum and all,
I will not leaue the least, for thus it is:
My seruauntes through their counsell were principall,
That thus I was corrupt, I crye therefore alas,
They fed mée with fables, to bring their purpose passe.
And in my name the poore they spoyled quite,
To mée vnknowen, when I receiu'de no mite.

Thus many a score, that serued mée that time,
That were of base degrée, and of the simplest sort:
By title of my name, aloft beganne to clime,
And sought for seates of greater fame and port:

To

To ſpoyle my ſubiectes they thought it but a ſporte.
The ſimpliſt knaue I had, that any office beare,
Was honored of my Subiectes, as I my ſelfe it were.

For theyr owne aduauntage as it did appeare,
To picke them thankes, within mine eares they whiſper,
Kéepe down ỳ dunghil knaues (quoth they) in dread & feare
The Churles bée ritche, let's purge them with a gliſter:
The pooreſt widowe, bée ſure they neuer miſt her.
The fatherles, (alas) a begging out they thruſt,
Who payde not al & more, a packing néedes they muſt.

And ſo my ſubiectes heartes (alas) I loſt,
By honoreke decaide, eache tongue declarde my crime:
Thus I purchaſte hate of them that lou'd me moſt,
And bare the name, for worſt of al my line:
Thus were the poore oppreſt, eache day by mée and mine.
A thouſand hungry ſoules, within one yéere made I,
For meate and drinke, the countrey through to crye.

I was corrupt with couetiſe, I neuer had inough,
For all my worldly treaſure, yet euer was I néedye.
As faſt as I ſpoilde, al the countrey through,
Yet with the Cormorant, I gaped alwayes grédye,
Therefore the rewarde of my wickednes came ſpedye.
For my extorcion and famiſhing of the poore,
Beholde howe I am quitte, with like for euermore.

Morpheus, moue thine acquaintaunce to take good héede
Whome they appoint and put in authoritye,
Let them bée ſure, they ſhall aunſwere with ſpéede.
For extorting the poore, and other enormitye:
Although they miſtruſt not, any tranſformitye.
But alwayes doe thinke, on the earth for to dwell,
Unlooke for comes death, and rewardes them ful wel.

Who hated I so ill, as them which lou'de mée best?
Who gained at my handes, but such as taught mée guile?
Those that wisht mée worship, I euer loued least:
My practise was alwaye, my countrey for to spoyle,
By meane whereof I did my name defile.
And such as would in myne affaires haue dred:
Moste churlishlye, of thankes I haue denyed.

Too many of this condicion at these daies.

Thus on this worlde, a God I alwayes made,
Wherein I thought to dwell for euermore:
At my pleasure and will, the Countrey did invade:
Passing not a pinne for the curses of the poore.
If hée filde not my bagges, I thrust him out of doore,
As for mercye, at my hande, it boted not to craue,
They did but sturre my choler, more cruelly to rage.

There wantes no pickthāks.

I lou'de vaineglory most, hée was my counsel chiefe,
And priuate gaine of whome I spake before,
And other such, as teare my subiectes with their téeth,
As a Dogge a bone, they bide my people poore,
Of Tetrales and Pickthanks, I alwaies had great store,
Whose whispering tales, were Gospels in mine head,
And thus in stéede of trueth, with falsehood was I fed.

My shoulders laden were, with worldly muck,
And yet mine eyes desired what I sée:
Though all the world were layde vpon a rocke
It neuer might haue satisfied myne eye,
If more then inough, had halfe contented mée,
I might haue liu'de, in honour al my dayes,
And of the poore haue wonne immortal praise.

Paulus.

Beastye of worldly mucke, fie on it twenty times,
To mutuall enuie, most men it doeth prouoke
And vainegloye, doeth teache a thousand careful crimes,
In euery mischiefe, these two, doe euer strike a stroke,

A

A deceytfull ſwéteneſſe, That bindes to Sathans yoke
An vnfruiteful labour, a continuall dread and feare,
A daungerous aduauncement, The author of diſpaire. *Auguſt.*

Vaineglory alwayes, without repentaunce endeth.
Whoſe beginning without prouidence is:
Prouokes the Gods to wrath, the people it offendeth.
Who gloryeth in this globe, that thinkes hée doeth amiſſe? *Such there are.*
Yée gapeth like a gutton, for glorye to bée his.
Whoſe eyes bée fixte into the Skies on hye,
And wisheth winges aboue the Sunne to flée.

What greater follie can bée then to couet Ritches, *Diog.*
It tormentes the minde, and breakes the quiete ſléepes, ,,
It vereth the heart, and myrth away it twitchis. ,,
Many miſerable thoughtes, in the conſcience it kéepes, ,,
It ſhakes vp the ſtomacke, making ſowers of ſweétes, ,,
It shorteneth the life, as the Philoſopher ſayeth, ,,
It makes Children, & kinſfolke, wishers of your death. ,,

It kéepeth from doing Godlye charitable déedes; *Hora.*
It cauſeth the partye not cherithe him ſelfe, ,,
Being neuer friendly to any man that néedes, ,,
Diſpatching eache man of theyr perfite healthy, ,,
Loe, theſe bée the fruites of this vile worldly pelfe, ,,
Which cauſeth man, to liue a miſers life, ,,
Whoſe ende is deſtruction, to man, maide, and wife. ,,

And with theſe wordes, the woefull fillye wretche
His Jawes ope caſte, that boilde and burnde with heate:
And withered ſtaruen armes, with violence doe ſtretche,
In hope to catche the ſleyghty tempting bayte, (eate,
Which hanges on flattering bowes, that flatters him to
And to his moyd mouth declines ỹ barked is ful dyre,
Whē the hungry ſoule, would eate, away ỹ fruite doth (flye.

And flowd on euery ſide, ſwels vp with boyling waues,
Wherein hée ſtandes an inche aboue the Chinne:
Whoſe cruell thyrſt to drynke, no litle craues,
But when to taſte, powre ſoule hée doth beginne,
It blencheth out of ſight, as it had neuer béene.
Then touched fruite, doeth beate him on the téethe,
Appointed by the Gods, to worke him double griefe,

With face deformde, al quaking ſtandeth hée,
Ten times worſe then death, the Caitife lokes:
Nought els vppon his legges, but ſhinne and bones to ſée,
Eache finger of his hande, as bare as angling hookes,
His bellye as thinne, as out of ſeaſon flowkes.
Puche like a ſhadowe of the Pwne hée ſtandes,
With rewfull cheare, doth wring his careful handes.

And after a while, amid his tormentes greate,
Marcus Curius. (Quoth hée) Oh Marcus Curius, bleſſed hée thy dayes.
Thou waſt indifferent, thou dealt not with diſceate,
Thou wanſt thy ſubiects harts, & wanſt immortal praiſe:
Thou waſt a louing Capitaine, to men at al aſſaies.
For to thy people thou waſt a Parent deare,
As by thy noble actes, among them did appeare.

Thou didſt deuide the ſoyle, by iuſt and equall line,
And to eache man, thou foryde acres gaue:
Which ground before alotted was for thine.
Yet like, for like, with leaſt thou would but haue,
The faithful heartes of men, was al that thou didſt craue.
Therefore thy iuſt reward, is with the Gods on hye,
And through the earth, thy fame, abroade doth flye.

And wyde his head, and Morpheus ſtraight beholde,
Thou knowſt my name (quoth he) I pray ỹ get the hence
To leaue my talke, by thyrſt I am compelde:
The hungry worme, doth alſo worke mé vengeance.

With

Sith of my dædes thou haſt true intelligence,
Declare it to thy frindes, how euer they regard it,
How I for my wickednesse of Pluto am rewarded.

That will I doe (quoth he) the beſt I may or can,
To all the worlde diuolgat ſhall it be,
My voyce ſhall thunder it out vnto eche man,
The rewarde of wickednesse that now I ſee:
Doe ſo (quod Tantalus) and therewithall doth hee
Betwixt the fruite and guylefull fountaines vaine,
Watching wisheth foode to eaſe his hungry paine.

And thus we both departe, and went our way,
This dreirye doubtfull Pyler, left we there,
Whoſe thirſte increaſeth griefe, to ſee the pray
That heart would haue, in ſight doth aye appeare.
Streight came Alecto, And ſhee began to ſweare:
(quoth ſhee) thou oppreſſor, thy hunger ſtill increaſe,
To rewarde thy wickednesse, hope not to haue releaſe.

No ſooner from the valley were we gone,
But in our eares we heard a carefull crye,
Which ſayde (alas) in Plutos kingdome none
Suſtaineth halfe the plagues that I doe taſte and trye,
Fie one worldely workes, fye vpon them fye.
(Quoth Morpheus) to me, make haſte, we will go ſee,
Who it is that plaines and mones ſo grieuouſlye.

The bookes verdite vpon Tantalus.

THe monſtrous Camel, that ſtaping beaſt, & eake the ſluggish Aſſe
And Bayarde bolde, I may compare to many men alas.
VVhich with the Camell beares awaye, the maſſie packe of pelfe,
Yet twiſe as ſlowe as ſluggish Aſſe, but onely for themſelfe.

The

The lothſome loade of wished wealth, the harts hath ſo bewitcht:
That Iuſtice, friendship, pitie, and loue, away is from them twitcht.
VVith brags they bouldly leape & plunge, nothing they do miſtruſt:
As *Baiard* doeth, till at the length, to yeld to harme they muſt.
Theſe Beaſtes mee thinke doe wel preſent, the qualities of ſuch,
That with the *Camel*, drug and drawe, of worldlye wealth ſo much,
As *Tantalus* the *Phrigion* did, the *Camels* part that plaide.
VVhoſe mind frō *Midas* muck, in time, no counſel could haue ſtaid,
His Beaſtly heart beare that away, that body nor bones could doe:
As ſome ſuch *Camels* at theſe daies, are lately ſtart vp newe.
VVithin the circuite of our ſoile, which members beare of men,
VVhoſe cuſtomes in their countrey is, to beaſtly now and then.
For oft their greedy paūche deuoures, their neighbors houſe & groūd,
Yea Paſtures, Parks, whole fields, & Tounes, & al that may be found.
VVhich paſſeth beaſt, or beaſtly bones, of worldlinges for to beare:
Although their hearts do craue as much, as both they ſee and heare.
They hoke and holde, with tothe and naile, by ſlight of wily braine,
That which we ſee, each time and tide, doth waſte like ſnow in raine.
Goodes are ill gotte, which cauſeth loſſe, of endleſſe ioy and bliſſe,
To purchaſe paines, where laſting griefe, and tormente euer is.
Marke this wel you mightes whome, the Lord appointes to rule,
Lende not your eares in any wiſe, to Peter Pickthankes ſchole.
His flattering fetche doth robbe you al, of famous honour due,
VVhoſe painting penſels euermore, reprocheful colours hewe.
And cauſeth curſes of the poore, whoſe plaints the Lord doeth heare,
redreſſing ſtreight their care & grief, throughout the earth echewhere
VVhat *Camell* then more couetous, what *Aſſe* more dull of witte,
VVhat boulder *Bayard* can be found, to keepe the lothſome pitte,
Thē are theſe muckſcrapers at theſe daies, that ſwalow vp the poore,
VVhich haue to much, yet not content, but proule for more & more?
VVhoſe gluttons eies are neuer filde, till gaping chappes bee full
Of ſuddie ſoile, and ſlimie ſlutche, where at this while you pulll:
And then your woeful ſoules bewaile, the daies your carkaſſe ſpende,
In wickednes, and neuer could finde any time to mende.
But wordes are wind, what will you more? No vertue is regarded:
Be as be maie, the daie will come, your workes will bee rewarded.

FINIS.

The reward of an Ambicious and vaine glorious counſeller, called Vetronius Turinus: For his wicked life among them that hee might ouercome, and for his Pride: whoſe wordes folow in the middes of his tormentes.

Peace Tantalus hold ſtill thy plainting chaps.
Bewaile no more thy ſtate, thy lot is light enough,
And if thou knewe of my miſchaunſed haps,
And how I am torment, within this ſtinking clough.
Cõtented would thou be, where now thou art not ſo,
And if thou felte but leaſt of this my endles woe.

Eye of the face of fortunes ſmiling lokes,
Whoſe eye deceyte is ſugred baytes to caſt:
The foliſhe ſorte to catche vpon hir hookes,
That erſte from ſmiling mouth, the Iudas kiſſe had taſte.
And ſuche as thee hath ſet the hert of all,
Thee moſt delites to geue the greateſt fall.

Who ſittes ſo ſure as in the ſimple ſeate?
Who is ſo Ritche, as hee that reaſon doth content?
Who ſcapes the hooke, that leapes at euery baite?
Who meddles much at laſt that is not ſhent?
Or yet who deales with craft that is not ſpide?
Who hath not al mens wrath, that euermore hath lide?

The ſure pathe I neuer founde as yet,
Which was to ſet all worldly thinges at nought.
With Phaeton, I thought aboue the ſtarres to ſit,
On worldly wealth was euermore my thought. *Iſiodorus.*
But cuſtome teacheth al thinges ſhal litle bee,
That to the ſhow ſemes greate, to worldly eye.

Who dwelles in Princes fauours that knowes him ſelfe,
Or at the leaſt forgettes not what he was?
Who lokes not hye, that catcheth worldly wealth,

Hermes. Which ſlippes away as dewe vpon the graſſe.
Fye on it fye, it leades to endles fire,
And meare deſtruction bringes, on them that it deſire.

But in valleys lowe, the quietſt dwelling is,
On loftye mountaines, the ſtorming blaſt doth blowe:
Phenix. The mounting Phenix, ſhall witneſſe bee of this,
Who doth full well, the heartes of climbers thowe.
Whoſe ende with her, doth meare deſtruction call,
Which doth from loftye ſkyes, belowe to aſhes fal.

Who with Icarus ſeemes to flye a lofte,
Or with the Pine, his fellowes ouergrowes,
That many times, with fortune is not ſhofte,
And with the Pine, be rente and ſpoilde of bowes?
Who ſtandeth in conceyte, with foliſhe fonde Neſſus,
That in the ende of his miſfortune miſſes?

But what auailde the Bookes that I haue read?
The wicked ende of none, might cauſe mee to amende:
I ſawe long ſyth, howe euery Tyrant ſpead,
By worthy writers, whoſe actes had Clerkly pende.
And theyr ſucces, that in ſuch vice abounded,
Howe ſhort they rainde, and were by God confounded.

But let me bee, for ſo I maye no doubte,
Full well be made a mirrour to each one:
That be in Princes fauour, & make them ſelues ſo ſtout,
(As I) vnhappy wretch, haue beene not long a gone.
I had ſo deepe a witte to purchaſe worldly wealth,
In deede a very fole, and cleane deceiu de my ſelfe.

And with theſe wordes his paines ſo much encreaſſe,
That worſe then mad, a thouſand times he ſlinges:
Then to the brinke of loathſome lake hee preſſe,
And cryed, behold, what wicked doinges bringes.
Drawe neare good Morpheus, harken what I ſaye,
And to thy friendes repoſt another daye.

I was (quoth hée) aduaunſte to ſuch degrée,
And in the fauour ſtode, of Alexanders grace:
So much at laſt, that in all cauſes hée
Toke mine aduiſe, in thinges that doubtful was.
My counſell lead him, euer as my liſt,
Who had a ſute, I not his friende, his purpoſe miſt.

All men gaue place, when I in counſell cloſe,
Unto this noble Emperoure, both night and day:
My fame eache howre, encreaſed ſtyl and roſe,
I ſaued whome my liſt, agayne I put awaye
(Whome pleaſed mée) and ruled mée at will,
I made both good, and bad, full glad to pleaſe mée ſtill.

Vetronius Turinus, is my proper name, *Vetronius Turinus.*
Chiefe counſeller, this famous Emperour to:
Which bleard my inward eyes in taſting of the ſame,
I could not know my ſelfe, as I was wont to doe.
Such incõparable ſwœtneſſe, is found in Princes fauor,
Whom Fortune calles ſo high, forgets their owne be-
(haniour.

Such hap a while erćdeth Loios taſte,
Whoſe ſnatch ſome lickoras lips, the moſt doe wiſhe:
Yet whoſoeuer to gape, therefore doth haſte
Sal trye in thende, Serdonia, plaine it is.
For ſwœteſt meates, ſoure ſauce they ſaye is beſt,
This is, and euermore, was vſed at eache feaſt.

Thus I elect, and choſen chiefe of all,
In ſecreate familiaritie, with this noble man:
I was ſo puffe with pride, I did miſtruſt no fall,
Thus eache mans heart, through dread and feare I wan.
A while I plaide the Beare, I nipt both yong and olde,
I kept them ſo in awe, to barke none durſt bée bolde.

Thus euery man of mée did ſtand in feare,
Eache one with bending knées, to me did bowe:
They honoured mée, as I the Emperoure were,

I gaped for ſuch glory, as was not mete nor dew.
Thus like a chowgh, depaint in peacoks tayles,
Amid the gulfe of Cille, I hoyſt my rotten sayles.

And at the length this one thing blinded me,
When euery man my lawfull fauour ſought,
Then I began to loke both ſtowte and hie,
I ſpake them fayre, when inwarde ill I thought.
Great bribes I did receyue, and made all men beléeue,
That whome my liſt, I coulde both gladde and grieue.

Thus ritche I made my ſelfe, and moſt men powre,
That to this noble Emperoure any ſute procurde:
And thoſe of whome the Emperoure made a floute,
Such meanes I wrought, that long he not indurde.
And yet a greater ſleyght then this I vſed long,
I dayly ſought to wreſt all men with wrong.

Faire wordes I fedde them with, and nothing elles,
On eyther part their money I receyued,
I eate their kirnels, and fed them with the ſhelles.
Who truſted me that ſcaped vndeceyued?
I playde the Mariner, that loketh backe and rowes,
And yet with flode, his boate contrarie flowes.

For where theſe ſuters did awayte to knowe,
By me this noble Emperour his pleaſure, (ſhowe.
Then would I nodde my head, and frindely countenaunce
(As who ſhoulde ſaye) abyde a nother leyſure.
Thus of the Emperours graue determination,
I made a trade as twere an occupation.

Till at the length, all men with murmuration,
Perceyuing that I fabled with them ſo,
With open Jawes, made open exclamation,
And earneſt lokes caſt on me two and fro,
Whereat repoꝛt, a Poſte did ſende for Fame, (ſame
Which cauſd hir crooked Trumpets ſound abroade the

Thus

Thus to this noble Princes eares at length it came,
And publiſht all abroade, it was on euery ſide.
And of the ſame accuſde of euery man,
That rounde about me ſtode, and to the Empʒour cryde:
O famous noble pʒince, incline thine eares to heare.
Turinus wickednesſe, to thée ſhall now appeare.

Then all my former lyfe diſcloſed was,
And pʒoude by credible perſons beſoʒe my face:
When the Emperour vnderſtode both moʒe and les,
He iudgde me to be led into the market place.
Where ſtraungers were of countries far and nye,
Which grieude me woʒſe, then twentie times to die.

In the market place, ſometime where I with pʒyde,
Moʒe like a Pʒince then otherwiſe had walkd the ſtones
There to a ſtake, my limbes full faſt they tyde,
With cruell engins inuented foʒ the nonce,
Where young and olde, ſtode rounde about to ſée,
The fall of him, which earſt did loke full hie.

Then hidden malice did ſhewe his furious face,
Whoſe tongues beſoʒe as ſwéete as ſuger ſémde:
(And crying ſaydé) thou Tyʒaunt voyde of grace,
The pʒoofe is plaine, it was not as thou wéende, (knéelde,
Thou thought thou had our harts, becauſe we capt and
Which inwardely with ſpitefull hate we ſtéelde.

Then curſes blacke into the ſkies they ſende,
To all the Gods where mightie Ioue doth ſitte,
That after all this ſhame, I might be tozne and rent,
Within the puddle of Plutos ſtincking pitte.
And therewithall, their handes a pace they clappe,
Créene ſtickes and ſtubble, about the ſtake they wʒap,

His execution maketh people glad.

And fire thereto, on euery ſide they ſet,
Whoſe powdering ſmoke, mounted vp the loftie ſkies,
The flaſhing flame eche man was pʒone to let,

To th'ende thereby my doubled paine might riſe,
Thus lingered life, with tormentes worſe then death,
By meanes of ſmoke compelde to yelde my breath.

Whereat with gladſome heartes reioyced many a one,
Both' great reproche of all my blode and line,
With haſt a Bedle Themperour calde on,
And ſtraightly chargde, about the ſtake that time,
To ſounde theſe wordes in th'eares of young and olde,
With fumes lo here he dieth, that fumes hath euer ſolde.

Thus confuſion my guerdon quitte ful well,
And payde my hyre which I deſerued beſt,
The Gods alſo condemnde me into hell,
Among the wicked ſorte with whome I am poſſeſt.
Of vgleſome Stigion whereas Phlegethons flames,
The pompe of cruell Tyrauntes euer daply tames.

Loe this the lotte of wicked life in th'ende,
Looke to your ſtates you that Counſellors bee,
You that perſwade the nobles to offende,
Leaue of betime for my rewarde you ſee,
Bee ſure whoſoeuer in wickednelle proceedes,
In thende the Gods doe recompence their deedes.

How ſayſt thou Morpheus haſt thou heard the like?
Whome haſt thou knowne to haue a fall like mine?
Coulde Fortune worke to me a greater ſpite,
Then firſt to whirle me vp, then caſt me downe in fine,
When leaſt of all hir wrath I did miſtruſt?
From hert of Pelops turret, no helpe but downe I muſt.

Thus through the coſte I got eche poore mans curſe,
With ſhamefull death, and hell at latter daye:
A deere bought treaſure, thus to fill my purſe,
To loſe the ioyes among the Goddes for aye.
Theſe wordes no ſooner ſayd, ſo much increaſt his paine
His tongue with ruful voyce his perfit talke conſtrains.

This

This ſincke of ſorrow wherein he ſtandes and cryes,
With pitche and Brimſtone boyles vp like a flode,
Where ſerpents with their triple heads ſtill yelling flyes,
Whoſe crooked clawes are bathed in his blode.
From out whoſe mouthes ſuch foming flames ariſe,
Which lighteth in his face, or ſpowteth in his eyes.

A man deformed.

Eche finger of his hande was turnde to ougly ſnakes,
His teth were chaungde to wormes Cereſtres like:
His legges all ſerpentes, that dayly vengaunce takes,
Vpon eche other, that venomly gan ſmite.
His toes vpon his feete, were filthie Todes to ſee,
That ſwelde with poyſon as bigge as they might bee.

His heart the Captaine of his ſleyghtie tongue,
Tranſformd in likeneſſe of a Hedgehogge kinde:
Before whoſe greedie mouth ſuch riped fruite was hong,
As monſtrous beaſt in hearte did wiſhe to finde.
Which when he toucht, they turnde to Scorpions all,
Perforce his lippes from gaping chappes lets fall.

His guileſull tongue was turnde to Crocadyle,
Amidde whoſe fleightie heade braſt out conſuming coles,
From out whoſe eyes fell droppes like gaddes of ſteele,
Wherewith ſometime he trapt poore ſillie ſoules.
And molten golde into his mouth was pourde,
Whoſe gaſping gummes moſt greedely deuourde.

And yet a greater griefe then this hadde bee,
A plagie paine aboue the reſt no doubt:
An horrible feend, none ſuch in hell to ſee,
Before him ſtandes, whoſe voyce doth roare and ſhoute,
What ioyes among the Gods they loſe that wicked are,
This ougly Geſture to him ſtreight did declare.

The ſcripture alleaged then. Pſal 84. Pſal.24. Pſal.3.

And with the Pſalmes began this cruell Clarke,
To taunte the torment wretche with griefe to heare,
Saying Turnus incline thine eare and harke:

I am thy Curate, thou art my Pariſhner.
Geue eare (quoth hæ) and marke my ſayinges well,
Elſe ſhal theſe bookes, with care thy corps compel.

And then theſe places of ſcripture ſtraight hæ reades,
Roma 8. And ſhakes his Snakie head, with grinning teeth:
Apoca. 22. And ſcoffes him ſtill, with all his olde done deedes,
Math 24. That then to heare, no litle was his greefe.
1. Theſ. 4. And then this frouning Curate, braggingly gan boaſt,
Math 25. And tels the wretch, what endles ioyes hæ loſt.
Apoca. 7.
Apoca. 4.
Apoca. 21.

Thou haſt loſt (quoth hæ) myrth out of meaſure,
Eſay. 43. , All libertye, all Light, all reioyſing and health:
Eſay. 1. , All wealth, all ioye, and glorious pleaſure,
Eſay. 5. , All honour, all power, al long of thy ſelfe.
Math. 11. , With ſolace, and loue, vnitie, concorde, and peace,
Iohn. 3. , Miſedom, vertuous melodye, and felicities increaſe.
Iohn. 5.
Luke. 5.

, Weekenes, and beatitude, from the is fled and gone,
, And that in moſt glorious heauenly Citye:
, Hope for no redreſſe, be ſure heare is none,
, But euer more, vnſpeakeable miſerye.
, This Den (quoth hæ), is ſtill the place of paines,
, For thæ and ſuch, of whom the pore complaines.

, Nowe haſt thou loſt the company of Archangels,
, With Thapoſtles, Patriarkes, and Cherubins:
, Powers, Thrones, Dominions, and Aungels,
, Confeſſors, Virgins, Martyrs, with bleſſed Seraphins.
, Where righteous ſpirites ceaſe not, but alwaies ſing.
, Holy, Holy, Holy, God of earth, and heauen King.

And with theſe words, with haſt hæ ſhut the booke,
To ſome place elſe hæ ranne to execute his ſpite:
Whereat Turine caſt vp a woeful looke.
(Quoth hæ) good Morpheus take forth thy pen and write,
(Alas) regeſter vp my rewfull wicked ende.
It may preuent much harme, if the ſame were pende.

But

But Morpheus calling downe his heade for woe,
Vneth one worde, coulde well pronounce almoſt,
But ſayd, come Robinſon, I praye thee let vs goe,
My heart doth warche to ſee this griſlye ghoſt.
And then he wiſht that all offenders ſee,
How Pluto doth rewarde all them that wicked bee.

And thus we left Turinus in his paines,
Whoſe wante of grace, we both lamented much:
And there in Jayle he ſhakes his lincked chaines,
Whoſe bandes to breake, no mortall handes may tuch.
His endleſſe paines it bootes not to bewayle,
No ſacrifice to Ioue, can ought at all prevayle.

The Bookes verdit.

LOe thus to ſee him pulde, with raging hagges of hell,
That whilom thouſandes rulde, eſteemd with Princes well.
I meruell in my minde, ſuch men ſhould plagued bee,
VVhome Fortune hath aſſinde, vnto ſuch dignitie.
But now I doe perceyue, none ſuch the Gods will ſpare:
That poore men doe bereaue, of money goodes or ware.
Or whome by counſell ſeemes, to blinde their Noble eyes:
VVhoſe iudgements beſt eſteemes, and quites with double fees.
Or ſuch as ſentence ſel, by ſlye and cloked craft:
And harmeleſſe ſoules compel, a fruiteleſſe tree to grafte.
On theſe the Gods doe poure, their wrath by whole conſent:
And alter in an houre, the wickeds yll intent.
Regarding not at all, their ſtatelie hie degree:
But ſhortlye giue the fall, to ſuch as climbe to hie.
Turinus now hath loſt his prince that lou'de him beſt:
And ſuch as hate him moſt, ioyde thus to ſee him dreſt.
VVhat profittes blubbred teares? The Gods haue iudged thee:
How long or fewe yeres, (they know) ſo doe not wee.
To leaue thee in thy paines, of very force I muſt:
No hope but this remaines, a warning fayre I truſt.

FINIS.

The wofull complaint of the monstrous Emperour *Heliogabalus* for spending of his dayes in abhominable whoredome.

SYth Morpheus thou art come to take the vewe
of Plutos kingdome where the wicked guerdon haue:
Of all the rest thou euer sée or knewe,
I am the marke to guide the rest from scath.
Loe howe I lye, that earst did florish brauc,
and yet Turinus thinkes he hath much wrong.
I heare him hither, vpon the furies raue,
yet not such cause as I, Turinus holde thy tongue.

Oh how tickle is the staye of honors hie?
what doth auaile a while to guide the earth?
Th'example plaine appeareth now by me,
an Emprour once descende of noble birth.
My triple crowne that was abundaunce worth,
my Scepture sette with Saphirs rich to sée:
My sworde that helde in feare such murth,
as neuer yet was bewde by any eye.

Nor yet the founde of great renoumed fame,
though all the worlde I helde in feare and awe,
That can excuse the least of blotted blame,
nor that the Gods at all regarde a strawe.
(No Morpheus no) who doth offende their lawe,
although he were ten times as high againe:
Vpon the snap they catche him in a flawe,
their hautie maske flies ouer borde amaine.

Vpon the rocke the shaken Hull is cast,
that prowdely hoyst hir sayle before on hie:
And so vnwares they perish wyth a blast,
the which before mistrusted not to die.
Then from the stincking gayle the spirite doth flée:
and as the dunghill secke, hath spent his dayes,

The

The ſillie ſoule, in bale or bliſſe ſhall bée,
thus vice or vertue hath rewarde alwayes.

Vnhappie wretch I was of Rome elect,
and by conſent of all the rulers there,
The noble Senate choſe me to protect,
but when in hande the fearefull ſworde I beare,
Not onely Rome, but through the whole Empire,
I quight forgot my ſelfe, and place they ſet me in:
Then did my filthie nature ſtraight appéare,
the hidden ſmoke, to flaſhing flames begin.

For after that I had in hande to rule,
and that my worde to loſe and binde had power,
I brought the Senate to a nother ſchoole,
exalting vice much hier then Pelops tower.
The Sages graue expulſing euery houre,
new Lordes, new lawes, it did appeare by me:
Thus Rome to ruyne I brought from honour,
from vertue to vice, great ſhame and infamie.

Thus firſt of all, when I from Syria came,
to Rome to rule, and royall ſcepture guide:
Heliogabalus the Romaine blode may banne,
I was a meane to laye their fame aſide.
Wiſdome nor vertue I neuer might abide,
In brute and beaſtlie toyes alwayes I dwelde.
All ſuch as ſinne correcte I did deride,
to filthie liuing a thouſande I compelde.

Varius Heliogabalus.

And thus of Rome that was a mirrour cleare,
from whome at firſt all nations knowledge hadde,
Of honour, vertue and prowes the name did beare,
in myſte of filthie ſlaunder by me was ladde
Whereat the prudent men wept teares full ſadde,
to ſée the vile abuſe that then I ſet aloft:
Vertuous Virgins then to flie were gladde,
vnrauiſht fewe ſcapt, that might be caught.

Inſatiable was my ſwelling luſte,
my pampered fleſhe to whoredome was addicte:
I lokte on none but nedes conſent they muſt:
Loe thus (alas) with vice I was afflicte.
I woulde the mortal launce in tender youth had ſtickte
my wicked heart that wickednelle deſired:
Then ſhould not now no Plutos furye prickt
this ſoule of mine, that here in flames lyeth fyred.

If Atis chaunce betime I had ſuſtainde,
then had I ſquencht the ſparke that bred unreſt:
My wretched ſpryte, that nowe in hell is painde,
among the Gods in bliſſe had bene poſſeſt.
Whom nowe thou ſeeſt with torments ſtyll oppreſt,
and alſo ſcapte on earth, reproche and ſhame:
Unhappy Rome, then had thou twiſe bene bleſt,
that nowe for euermore bewayles the ſame.

Sardanapalus the laſt Aſſirian King liued too vile a life to bee rehearſed.

The laſt Aſſirian King in filthy life,
I did exceede a thouſand kinde of wayes:
All Rome throughout, I rauiſht Maide and Wife,
of Virgins euer, I made them common prayes.
Thus ſpent I my wicked fleſhly dayes,
I made a Senate, of harlottes and baudes:
In open ſight I kept no better playes,
then filthilye to vſe theſe common Jades.

Thus houſes builded I, for ſchooles of ſin,
to ayde them with I gaue them largely treaſure:
The vertuous Patrons, I pluckt them quickly in,
compelling them vnto this filthy pleaſure:
(Alas, alas) I paſt al Godlye meaſure,
there was no ho, with me: who durſt denye?
But if they had, I ſpied ſuch a leaſure,
that from their ſhoulders, I made their heads to flye.

Into the handes of Bawdes, I did commit,
the greateſt dignitye of the Publike weale:

To

To common Rybawdes, boyde of grace and witte,
I gaue auctoritye, aswell to those as deale.
Who had a suite to mée that did preuaile,
except in Lechery hée did exceede?
The vertuous sort were euer sure to fayle,
when as the wicked at euery turne did spéede.

Luxurious meates and drinckes, I euer sought,
a thousand wayes I studyed for the same:
Upon the Publike weale the least I thought,
to labour after lust, that was my game.
If I should publishe halfe by proper name,
the life of late, I lewdlye led in sinne,
The finest head it would both tire and tame,
therfore to trouble thée, I will not nowe beginne.

What should I speake of noble famous Dukes,
that from the Senate, by violence I put:
Or of the sage wise Maisters, that with rebukes,
I cruellye, out of the Senate shut?
I catcht the bitter buske, and lost the pleasaunt fut,
two Carters I chose to bée my counsell chiefe:
I blindlye drewe to shote at blanked But:
which was the cause at length of all my griefe.

It is needefull for Princes & noble men to cal sage, wise & learned men to bee of their counsell, & such as bee Gentlemē, well brought vp.

Protogenes the tone of these were calde
Cordius, thother had by proper name:
These two through Rome the common wealth forstald,
to the losse of my honour, and great increase of shame.
For vice florished, and vertue waxed lame:
Vitellus in gluttony, alwayes I did exceede:
Wanton meates for the nonce, then I gan frame,
to pamper the paunche, when nature list not fœde.

Protogenes & Cordius two sleues borne.

Vitellus at one supper was serued with.7 thousande fishes, and.5 thousande Fowles.

What should I tell of the straunge kinde of Fishes,
so rare vneth no man can knowe them well:
Which at one meale, ten thousand dishes,
with as many Fowles as doe the Fishe excell.

The like ere nowe, hath any man heard telle
an Emperoure to leade (alas) like gluttons life?
Yong tender Maides, alwayes I did compell,
throughout Italie, with many a noble wife.

Abhominable thing and damnable.

And when I had ſuffiſde by violence,
my filthye fleſhe, yet not contented ſo:
I ripte theyr wombes in open audience,
theyr tender bowelles, and ſecreates for to ſhoe.
In progreſſe, when I did delite to goe,
with mée fyre hundreth Chariots of harlots went:
In ſtéede of Sage, and noble counſels loe,
thus I my time in wickednelle ſtill ſpent.

And ſuch as chiefe to mée I did appoint,
and ordaine greateſt rule of all to beare:
The ſentence of my fame, the villans ioynt,
I innocent, the ſuters not the neare.
They fed me with follye they whiſpered in mine eares,
Zoticus. Zoticus that varlette, a ſlaue and dunghill borne:
Whome of nought to noblenes, I did vp reare,
in thende rewarded mée with double ſcorne.

Mé playde by mée, as Turinus did before,
by noble Alexander, who guerdon gaue:
(So well) that fame, for euermore,
ſoundes vp his praiſe for quiting of that knaue.
What ſhould I ſaye, it is but vaine to rane,
for in time I had no grace this to preuent:
Wnt hée that will thus much exalt a ſlaue,
him ſelfe ſhalbe the firſt, that ſhall repent.

Becauſe this varlette, Zoticus did excell
in all wicked vices moſt abhominable:
I preferde him to the greateſt liuing that fell,
both Realmes & Kingdoms, with countreys honorable:
To no man vertuous I ſeemed conformable,
but onely to ſuch as abounded in ſinne:

To

To these and such like, I was euer tractable.
when eache man lost, these knaues did winne.

The Deuill so kindled his fire in my breast,
and sottered in mée such detestable vice:
Because Alexander was not slaine, I could not rest,
that was mine Awntes sonne both learned and wise.
To poyson him I offered, Jewelles of great price,
because my wickednesse so much hée hated:
One while treason, I conspired with spice,
in diuers drinkes and meates, his death I animated.

But nowe behold the guerdon and rewarde,
of filthy vile and detestable life:
And howe the Gods they? seruauntes doe regarde,
defending them from murders bloody knife.
My ende ful wel, maye warne both man and wife,
for Alexander, whome I thought to kill:
Hée scapte the snare, when I began to drife,
the first I was my selfe, that in the same did spill.

For hée through vertue, wanne the noble hearles,
of thancient Senate, and commons of the same:
In whose safegarde, not one from other starles,
but with consent, togeather ioyntly frame.
And thus beganne with mée, that tragicallike game:
Tyrantes can not raigne, experience long hath taught:
The Gods that suffer long, at length doe blame,
the wicked imagination, they euer bring to nought.

For by procuring Alexanders death,
I hasted mine owne to my life agréeing:
My wicked seruauntes, like Traitours false of faith,
were thonely conspiratours, and causers of my dying.
They slewe my adherentes, and put mée to flying.
my familiers a thousand wayes they killde
Before my face. I standing by and séeing,
for life durst not speake, but as a coward yéeld.

But

Semiramis his mother a vicious woman.

But how I yéelded, it's shame to make relation,
I fled into a priuie, and there was take,
My mother murdered on the same sorte and fashion,
Our funeralles togither, amidde that dounge we make.
Loe my rewarde for filthy whoredomes sake.
The Gods forget me not, they quitte me home:
They cast me headelong into this fiery lake,
vpon the earth for aye good fame is gone.

(Alas) Morpheus yet thou knowst not all,
I praye thee bide a while and heare the rest,
I am sure as yet, thou neuer hearde like fall,
of noble birth, hatcht in so high a nest.
But what preuailes where vice is so possest.
A while I ruloe, and tumbled in my sinne:
I wanted nothing, that mostrous life request,
of feare I frustrate was, I dred not God a pin.

Therefore mine odious corps throughout the Citie,
with hookes they drewe, both vp and downe the stréetes
With ordure fylde, no man of me had pitie,
haulters of hempe were both our winding shéetes.
Fie on him villaine, they shricht & cryde like spirites,
with clapping handes eche one reisyst to sée,
With wordes of great reproche the furies had delites,
my olde deserued dédes to wreake on mée.

Then to the common Jakes they dragged mée,
at the filthiest conduict downe they would me cast,
But that it was to narrow, at least by fingers thrée,
or else I had bene shrinde within that dongue at last.
But then tyed to a mightie mylstone full fast,
into the flode of Tiber was I throwne:
Where many a worthy shippe hath past,
the tumbling streams was made my tumbe and throne.

Loe Morpheus loe, thus was I seru'de of such,
that earst from naught to Princes mates I brought:

Beholde

Beholde theyr actes, to whome I gaue ſo much,
aboue the reſt, my miſaduentures ſought:
But alas, the ende of wickednelle is naught,
the Gods alwayes, take vengeaunce at the length:
I thought I ſhould the fixed ſtarres haue raught,
but yet abated was my hawtye heart and ſtrength.

At the age of one and twentye yéres I dyed,
and monſtrous Heliogabalus they calde my name:
To my reprochc, report the ſame hath eryed,
who heard therof, that made not ſport and game?
And loke who leades my life, ſhal euer taſt the ſame,
vtter confuſion, haſteth for his praye:
Perdurable miſchiefe, comes after faſt with ſhame,
and makes theyr paſporte at the latter daye.

But Morpheus, to tell thée all my beaſtly actes,
an hundreth Clarkes were not able to pen them:
And againe whoſoeuer ſhould heare of like factes,
ſo deteſtable they are, it would but offend them.
But I praye thée warne thy friendes to amend them,
my gilte thou haſt hard, my paines thou doſt ſée:
To repent betime, I praye God to ſend them,
for be ſure wicked déedes, are rewarded wickedly.

Bid them flye whoredome, and vile vicious déedes,
they are ſure to loaſe Gods kingdome for euer:
Honeſt men doe hate them, as nettles or weédes,
but ſhame and ill report leaueth them neuer.
At length theyr owne Minions doe ſéke theyr decaye,
on whome purſues death, of life the bereuer:
Which makes an end of beggery, cõmitting hell the praye,
if they in wickednelle, vnto the ende perſeuer.

And with theſe wordes this wicked wretche,
among his tormentes, was toyled ſo ſore,
With a pitifull lokes, his hande forth did ſtretche,
as who ſaye a dewe, I can ſpeake no more.

His mother in a flaming puddle began to roare,
eche Deuill put in vse his terrible trade:
With greater spite then accustomed before,
to terrible to heare the noyse that then they made.

This monstrous Emperour in hell thus stode,
tyed fast by the members on a snakie whéle:
Which ran about as if it were wode,
Inuironde with Bawdes as blacke as the De'yle
Yoked for the nonce with hote glowing stéle,
which Butchered his bowels about his féete:
And for to rewarde his wickednesse wéle,
Thinfernall fire, streight way they beyte.

Whereat anone such smoke there doth arise,
with leade that boyles, in stormes like raging seas,
And with a twinche, a thousande Dragons flyes,
ten times as fast as snowe in windie dayes.
Grypes as grédie as Wolues that séke their prayes,
and on him gnawe, that myser tyed full fast:
The cruell whéle doth bounse, and neuer stayes,
Loe, thus his paines for euer more doth last.

And thus we left this wretch (that dwels in endlesse pain)
A number for to bewe, that crying did complaine.

The Bookes verdit.

WHen filthie luſt doth guide, and hath the helme in fiſt:
Beware the winde and tyde, take heede of had I wiſt.
A wilfull mate is hee, for to direct the waye:
He doubtes no perill nie, in ſayling on the ſea.
But hoyſe aloft he cries, it blowes a merie blaſt:
And ſo at randome flies, while youthfull life will laſt.
At *Caphars* lampe they runne, with hoyſed ſayle amaine:
VVhich ſeemeth like the Sunne, in ſight of feeble braine.
A ſtale that leades the way, to *Scyllas* ſandy coſt:
VVhich drinketh euery day, their blood through folly loſt.
Caribdes greedie Iawes, lye gaping euerie houre:
And whom shee catcheth in hir clawes, shee ſpares not to deuoure.
But loe the prancke of pride, and race that rudeneſſe runnes:
The ende of wanton workes are ſpide, ſe how deſtruction comes,
Marke rushing youth, how vaine he ſpendes his retcheleſſe dayes:
Note well how pleaſure breedeth paine, a thowſande kinde of wayes.
If puffing pompe with golde, might eaſe this Princes paine:
Or force of armed champions bolde, could helpe his griefe againe:
Then all his ſcrikes and cryes, had quite bene husht and ſtilde:
So had his eares and eyes, with worldlie workes beene filde.
If I shoulde make rehearſe, what his offences were:
Although in proſe or verſe, it woulde corrupt the eare.
The Gods abhorde his dayes, the worlde doth ſounde his shame:
And vengaunce vengaunce manie wayes, agreeth to the ſame:
VVhat profites now his ſporte, wherein he playde the beaſt,
VVith all his bawdes reſorte, or eke his gluttons feaſt.
VVhat now auailes his crowne, with precious ſtones beſet?
Or and he had as great renowne, as mortall man might get.
Sith mightes know not when, the Goddes will knocke and call,
No more then other pooreſt men, that ſimpleſt be of all,
Therefore looke well about, keepe filthie luſt away:
Beware I ſay the hidden doubt, that lyes in ſecret ſea.
Let vertue guide the helme, and wiſdome hoyſe the ſayle:
So shal you voyde the daũgers great, that might your voyage quayle.

FINIS.

The two Iudges for ſlaundering

of Suſanna: and bearing falſe witneſſe
againſt hir, be rewarded for
the ſame moſt
terribly.

Prſt to this place when happed vs to hytte,
A rome we founde where beſt we myght beholde
Of euery ſide that ſtinking Stygion pitte.
That all the reſt excelde a thouſande folde.
Stuft full to'th top it was of young and olde,
(But as I ſayde before) a couple there we ſæ,
Whoſe tongues behind were halde with hookes full hie.

Before their faces with trumpet hoarſe and dimme,
To powting mouth a monſter fell doth ſet,
Whoſe voyce increaſeth care that be the hearing in,
With foming iawe, his tæth beginnes to whet.
His gloring eyes with ſparkes of fire fret,
He caſteth vnder clowdes, and ſtints his trumpet ſtreite,
And with a ratling ſpæch declares theſe wordes on heite.

(Quoth he) ſith ſlaunder is committed to my charge,
And that it pleaſeth Pluto my ſeruice to accept,
Within this pitte mine office wide and large,
His lawes and ſtatutes ſtreight ſhall be full truely kept.
And therewithall aloft anon he lept,
From the gibbet cuts their tongues wherby they hange,
And like a madde man in a rage into a furnaſſe ſlange.

Where molten braſſe doth boyle as redde as glædes,
Ablende with ſulfer, pitche and ſtincking tarre,
And ſcaldes the ſcoffered tongues that wounded blædes,
Whoſe fyring ſtreame may well be ſpied a farre,
From bottome low which mounth from height to barre.

And

And dims the chriſtall ſkies, & beames of glering light,
But that we ſtode ſo nie elſe had we loſt the ſight.

Tartarus hath this pitte to proper name,
Which is in hell moſt vgkſome place indæde, *Tartarus.*
And is appoynted wicked tongues to tame,
That doe delight in ſclaunders to proceede,
Who bꝛueth hate that well doth after ſpæde?
Who ſtaines the vertuous man by falſe ſurmiſed way,
That in the ende leaſt pennie doth not paye?

For mightie Ioue that doth in heauens ſitte,
To forge commaundes Vulcanus faſt to hye,
Newe thundꝛing boltes to make for euery pitte,
Whereas theſe ſlaundꝛous wꝛetched berlottes lie.
Who many thouſands wꝛought, and downe ſende by & by,
Which boltes the cruell Jaylor in ſturdy Bow doth ſet,
And cruelly ſlinges, with heades full ſharpe iwhet.

Into the mouth and thꝛough the tongues they flie,
Of eyther of theſe lyther ſlaunderous mates:
Whereas conſuming coales as red as ſerpents eye,
Doe euer lodge as poꝛters of the gates,
Two ſerpentes euer ſate vpon their pelled pates.
And euer thꝛough the ſkull they pell the bꝛaine,
Yet alwayes as it waſted it ſtill increaſt againe.

In ſhoting thunderboltes and arrowes as I ſaide,
At theſe falſe accuſers, and bꝛæders of vnreſt,
That ougly Geylor chaunſt holde vp his heade,
And Morpheus ſpide, whome then he did requeſt,
To come and ſee how lyers there were dꝛeſt.
For this the place (quod he) that ſlaunder doth reward,
Though many thouſandes not the ſame regard.

And then with filthy forke their iawes abꝛoade he ſet,
Within whoſe mouthes were bꝛoodes of ſcoꝛpions hatcht,
Whoſe hunger not ſlackt but they might alwayes get

Some part of wicked lime, thus at his tongue they snatch:
And yet it doth encrease, their grædie guttes to hatche.
Yet they bée neuer filde, nor bée consumde no deale,
Loe, thus they take of woe, that sclanderous lyes do tel.

I saye come neare, this Jayler sayd againe;
And what thou seest among thy friendes repoꝛt:
Though sclaunder bée toꝛment with double paine,
Yet euery daye thou séest I haue resoꝛte:
No doubte I trowe, they thinke it but a spoꝛte.
For els theyꝛ tongues from lyes they would applie,
To mightie Ioue they ought foꝛ mercye crye.

Foꝛ if they doe not mende in haste, bée sure
I will mine office yéld (quoth hée) no doubte:
Elles a larger dominion, I meane foꝛ to pꝛocure.
Foꝛ this is full you sée, already round about:
And now such sclanderers come, that bée so stout:
And with so Clarkly cunning, their matter foꝛge & fain,
That certainely I can yéld them equal paine.

But chiefly who be these (quod Morpheus) would I know
That thus aboue the rest, so cruelly bée bled?
(Quoth hée) two Judges in Israell long agoe,
That sclandered Susanna, whome they would abused,
By fleshly déedes they thought to haue misused,
This vertuous wife and noble woꝛthy Dame,
Whom when she would not, accusde her with the same.

But bide a while (quoth hé) them selues shal make repoꝛt,
And when thou heareſt them, Judge as thou thinkeſt beſt:
And with these woꝛdes out of that filthy soꝛt,
With crooked booke, hée halde them by the bꝛeast:
Whome when I vewed, with hande my seife I blest.
If I should tell of their deformed lookes,
The rediest tongue, would tyꝛe to reade the Bookes.

When vp they cast their eyes, & Morpheus there beheldꝛ,

With

With woefullſte loke, that euer eye did bewe: Daniel. 13.
For very ſorrow with whoſy noiſe they yelde,
And crying ſayde, oh happy dayes adewe.
Woe worth the daye alas, that Father vs begot,
And curſed bée our byrth, our mother ſlewe vs not.

Wée twoo in Iſrael whilome Judges were,
That al thing rulde among the Jewiſhe Nation:
In Babilon one Ioachim, dwelling there,
And then among the Jewes in mighty eſtimation,
By meanes whereof to our contentation,
No houſe ſo fitte as his, for vs to lye and bée,
Of whome againe no man more glad then hée.

Which Ioachim one Suſanna toke to wife,
The onely Daughter of Helchia Juſt:
That liued chaſte and vertuous all her life,
Who in the Lorde did euer put her truſt:
Whoſe ardent beawty, fyred vp our luſt
So flamingly that like a gleyde wée broild,
This noble Dames chaſte life to haue defilde.

As in the thirteenth of Daniel, there it doth appeare, Daniel. 13.
What fleyght wée vſed burning in her loue:
To come by our purpoſe, wée brought her in diſpayre,
For thus wée ſweare by al the Gods aboue:
Except ſhée did conſent that ſhée ſhould haſtely proue,
For that wée had her there, we ſayde wée would accuſe
In filthy fornication we found a man abuſe her. (her

Wée ſtealing in before the Orcharde dores were bard,
The rather then wée thought our purpoſe to haue had:
But naked though ſhée ſtode our talke ſhe not regarde,
O Lorde (quoth ſhée) nowe am I hard beſtad:
Alas ſhée ſayd, theſe yles are bothe two bad.
Yet had I rather byde theſe Tyrants accuſation,
Then for to yelde and worke abhomination.

Which

Which when we ſaw with open mouthes we cryed,
Fye vpon this woman, an adultereſſe (quod we)
At the which al the ſeruauntes haſted faſt and hyed,
And vp they brake the dores, and in with ſpéede they flee:
Wée accuſing her, repoꝛted this wée ſée.
Wherat the ſeruants ſad, made ſoꝛrow foꝛ the ſame,
Foꝛ why befoꝛe, no man could ſtaine her name.

Vpon the moꝛrowe befoꝛe the elders all,
Wée falſelye did accuſe her there, vpon the ſame:
But ſhée in pꝛayer, vpon her knées did fall,
And calde vpon the Loꝛd, in pꝛayſing of his name:
Whoſe eares heard wel her plaint: foꝛ ſhée from ſhame,
By God deliuered was: and wée to thraldome bꝛought,
The ſame wée had, as wée this Lady thought.

Foꝛ by an Infauntes mouth, ſturde vp by God,
The verye truth of all our thoughtes reuealde:
And in a woꝛthy ſentence, diuulgate al abꝛoade,
So that there was no Iote noꝛ title once concealde:
And that wée both, ſith then haue ſoꝛe bewailde.
Daniel was his name, the Pꝛophete of the Loꝛd,
That ſau'de his ſeruaunt, accoꝛding to his woꝛde.

And thus wée were repꝛoued of our falſe intent,
Suſanna, ſet at libertye with ioye and triple pꝛaiſe:
Daniel vpon vs, gaue his cruel iudgement,
Loe, thus at miſchiefe ended wée our dayes:
The Gods condempne vs, heare to lye alwayes.
In paines perpetuall, whoſe endles woe no tongue
Is able to deſcribe, that wée haue ſuffered long.

And woꝛld with woꝛlds, withouten ende and ends,
Shall here bewaile our wilfull ſclaunderous tongues:
And yet on earth are ſome that in the ſame offendes,
And thinke the Gods foꝛget, becauſe they ſuffer long:
(No no Morpheus) they doe reuenge eache wꝛong.
And ſclaunder ſcapeth not, but heare is double quitte.
Wée iudge, that ſée vs thus toꝛmented in this pitte.

This

This odious vale throughout thou ſhalt not ſée,
The like to vs, our plagues ſo faſte increaſe:
Wiſhe al thy friendes therefore, like ſclander for to flée,
For beare theyr paines loe, neuer haue releaſe.
Crye therfore betime, their tongues from ſclander ceaſſe.
Ye that from one or other theyr honeſt name doth take,
Before the Gods a great offence doth make.

For wée vnhappy wretches ſo much deſired,
To haue the vſe of this ſayd noble Dame:
That like a gleide our inward ſpyrites were fyred,
Our purpoſe to obtaine, wée forſt no ſinne nor ſhame:
But when wée were denied, wée falſely layde the blame
Vpon that vertuous wight, that neuer did offend,
For our reward therefore behold the ende.

Some thinke theyr héles be hoiſt, where head ſhall neuer (come,
Whoſe eyes be bleard in glory vaine & valde,
And in theyr doultes conceyts, they thinke to geue ỹ dome,
Where they were neuer yet to counſel calde,
Whoſe purpoſe miſſe, theyr wilful blod doe ſcalde.
Theyr Lordly heartes mand vp with beggers purſe,
Doth worke the thing which afterward they curſe.

But yet at miſchiefe the ſclandering tongue doth ende,
The proofe is plaine, if grace might guide the way:
The Gods doe ſtill theyr ſeruauntes true defende,
The wicked man doth euer loſe his praye:
And in his pride comes ſoneſt to decaye.
Hée falleth through his owne imagination,
As here by vs the ende doth make probation.

O ſclaunder, ſclander, alas, woe worth the time,
That euer wée from hateful heart let flée:
By trifling tongue, thoſe wicked dartes of thine,
To wounde theyr ſtates that liued vertuouſlye.
Take héede therefore al you that ſclaunderers bée.
Though our faulte therfore with you bée not regarded,
Aſſure you yet, with vs you are rewarded.

And with theſe woꝛdes the cruell Jayloꝛ ſtraight,
With hoꝛrible gromeling noyſe his trumpet ſoundes:
Where at like Cadmus ſæde they bꝛawle and fight,
With crooked bookes eche one an other woundes.
To whome comes Alecto and ſcowling frownes,
With greater plagues foꝛ to rewarde theſe lyers,
And with hir bꝛeath ſettes all on flaming fiers.

Whereat I bleſt me to beholde their paines,
Rauiſht of my witte almoſt, I went awaye.
Then when I thought how many here remaines,
Which pꝛactiſe nothing moꝛe then ſlaunder night & daye:
Thought I tis beſt from ſlaunder that you ſtaye.
Accuſe not true Suſanna, the Loꝛde pꝛotects hir ſtill,
His ſeruaunt he defends and you ſhal want your will.

Away (quod Morpheus) I heare a meruels cryе,
It ſæmes not farre, I wonder what it is:
With ſæking vp and downe, at length did there eſpie,
A nother was rewarded foꝛ his wickednelle,
I long (quoth Morpheus) to know what noyſe is this,
And ſo we ſtayde, whereas we heard one ſaye,
Lo wicked men your iuſt rewarde foꝛ aye.

The Auᵭhor to the twoo Iudges.

WHoſe tongue hath beene defylde with ſlaunders heretofore,
That humbly weepes not like a chyld, with great repẽting ſore.
O wicked wretches fye, your Guerdon now is quit:
In *Tartarus* loe where you lie, that did in iudgement ſit.
Take heede you boaſting blabbes, that Innocentes defyle:
You ſhall be whipt with cruell roddes, within this little while.
VVhat ſinfull deede is this, that woman to accuſe,
That neuer yet was knowne amiſſe, hir body to abuſe?
Howe dare you be ſo bolde, your neyghbors for to ſpoyle,
Of greater treaſure then of golde, or fieldes of fertill ſoyle?

The

The mountes of *Mydas* pelfe, no crownes that Princes were:
Nor yet king *Alexanders* welth, to ſell not halfe ſo deare
As is the honeſt name, whome euill tongues deuoure,
Er now, that neuer yerned blame, are blotted in an houre.
But you that ſlaunderers bee, to minde *Suſanna* call:
And prayſe the Lorde, ſo ſhall you ſee Gods vengaunce on them fall.
For *Iacob* was accuſde, poore man that thought none ill:
Alas how long hath ſpite bene vſde, of them that want their will?
The ſlaundering tongue is ſuch, if thought doe wag awry:
To winne the wager heele not grutche, thus to proclayme and cry:
That this or that I might, and will, and pleaſeth mee:
And thu. I ought to haue of right, and ſweres it ſo to bee.
Thus haue I done ſayth hee, when truth is nothing ſo:
Or elſe he ſayth that this I ſee, to worke the parties wo.
And thus accuſed are, it pitieth me to heare,
Suſannas that be guiltleſſe, a thouſande in a yeare.
Therefore you filthie Iudges your ende I ioye to ſee:
Now lye without refuge in hell eternallie.
You ſprang of *Cadmus* ſeede, your nature plaine doth ſho:
But yet the Goddes at length doe wreke, all ſuch his ſeruauntes fro.
VVith *Ioachim* I doe reioyce, *Suſanna* thus to ſee
Elected by Goddes holie voyce, with Aungels for to bee.

Pope Ihoan *rewarded for hir* wickedneſſe.

THe time that moztall men doe here abide,
Within this wozlde that laſteth not an houre:
If foztune chaunce to ſmile vpon their ſide,
Then ſtill they ſtriue from har to higher power.
Content with preſent ſtate not one there liues,
But ſuch as ſhoulde liue beſt, the wozſt example giues.

Much woulde haue moze, the proverbe olde doth ſay,
Tis true in déede, much no man doth content:
Foz moze and moze all men doe gape eche daye,

They thinke the worlde will laſt and not be ſpent.
Oh very foles, deceyued foule ye bée:
If happe be on your ſides example take by mée.

To know my life, and what I was ſometime,
Who liues and ſées me lie amiddes this endeleſſe wo,
That woulde not doubt the like rewarde in fine,
That I deſerued iuſtly long ago?
I muſt confeſſe my paine to little is,
Though twentie times it were much worſe then this.

Harke what I ſay the ſtoutſt among you all,
Who ſitteth hert that hath not cauſe to feare?
Some blaſt doth blow that giues the grieuous fall,
Its often ſéene euen once in twentie yere,
Though Fortune hoyſe the ſeates of ſome aloft,
Yet thée delightes to caſt them downe as ofte.

Nothing more brittle is then ſtate of man,
Both night and day experience doth appére:
Yet notwithſtanding, who doe not what they can,
To liue like Goddes as long as they be héere?
Though time do teache, al thinges begunne muſt ende
No mendement yet I ſée of ſuch as doe offende.

Except the Gods they thought for to diſplace,
From out their ſeates wherein they ſitte on hie:
Or that from Ioue for to diſpoſe the mace,
Wherewith hée rules the earth and all the ſkie:
Elſe wot I not what all this miſchiefe meanes,
For Codrus loue de of Gods, ritch men diſdains.

On heapes to Pluto headlong here they runne,
Hell ſcarſe is able the halfe part to holde:
The father is torment for wronging of his ſonne,
And eke the ſonne for like in triple folde.
The mother for the daughter ſuſtaines wo:
The daughter for the mother, and many other mo.

But

But how happie be they that welth do not taſte,
And that with pouertie yelde thankes to the Gods:
No doubt aboue the ſtarres all ſuch men are plaſte,
They be not ſcourged nor whipped with our roddes.
Therefore by our harmes learne to be warned,
Elſe ſhall you be ſure with vs to be charmed.

At the which wordes then Morpheus aloft did call,
What art thou (quod he) tell me thy name ſtreight way:
(She aunſwered) and ſayde: euen ſo with ſpede I ſhall,
If it pleaſe thee here a while to bide and ſtay.
And if it be not long I am content (quoth he)
And ſo with woful plainte theſe wordes declared ſhe.

O Morpheus Morpheus I am that wofull wight,
That once did ſitte in Peters ſeate and place:
A man I ſeemde to be alas in all mens ſight,
And yet a wicked woman the leſſe my grace.
I did take vpon me the Goſpell for to guide,
Yet contrarie both I and mine did liue beſyde.

His wordes ſpoken to Morpheus

And Iohan was I calde, and of my birth a Citie,
Named Maience toke hir proper name:
Brought vp in learned ſcoles the more great pitie,
That grace had not beene linched to the ſame.
Learning I loued of all ritcheſſe vnder heauen,
Till I conquered the knowledge of Sciences ſeauen.

I refuſed my countrie and frindes euery one,
Many a Province I trauayled to and fro,
Better learned then my ſelfe I met not with one,
Of what eſtate or degree he were, high or loe.
And in all theſe places where euer I came,
I was thought among the people to be a very man.

In Englande once I was the countrey to peruſe,
From thence to Rome I did returne with ſpede,
Within the which I did no deale refuſe,

Gramer, Sophistry, Logike, and Rethorike, for to reade.
My fellowe not founde, so ready was my braine,
Nothing wanted Morpheus, but grace I tel thee plaine.

In Lotaries time, that Emperour was then,
After the death of Leo by full election,
I was chosen for my wisedome aboue al men,
To haue the Papall dignitye in my protection.
And so was made Pope, and ruled as my lyst,
Tyll my abhomination accuse mee or I wist.

For hauing at my wyll what harte could best thinke,
And ruling as it were all men as pleased mee:
Then layde I away both Booke, Pen, and Inke,
The swelling flesh with them could not agree.
I spared neyther Cardinal Bishop, Munke nor Frier,
To fulfil my desire, I past not who they were.

Tyll at the last I chaunsed great with Childe,
At Saint Iohns Laterans deliuered was I:
And thus the Seate of Peter by mee was defilde,
Alas therefore full oft to late I crye.
After warde deposed I was, and so put downe,
And begged my bread both in Countrey and Towne.

At this filthye acte the Gods were offended,
And sente mee to Pluto, his Iudgement to trye:
Out of all the Heauens I was then suspended,
And heare am adiotted in paines still to lye.
Loe, nowe thou knowest both the cause and my name,
Therefore I pray thee warne thy friendes of the same.

Tell women, that haue fine pollytike wittes,
That except they dread the Gods with honour due:
Whome Fortune herte of all, with Scepture hits,
The hurtfull fall be they sure doth ensue.
Although her nature bee sometime to smile,
It's best yet take heede thee winke them not a wile.

From

From valley lowe, when Titan mounts the Hilles,
Hée doth diſmount as faſt as riſe before:
The Phenix ſcaling ſkies with ſinged quilles,
Turnes to the Earth againe, what néedeth more?
For ſtuddes that riſe, when at the herte they bée,
Doe fall as faſt againe, the proofe we ſée.

And finallye, will euerye kinde of wight,
As well as women them ſelues, to knowe and ſée:
And that in time of wealth, they ſet they? light
To bewe what ſuch doe wante that ſimpler bée.
Their goodes and Landes with ſtate of noble raine,
Bewty, Youth, and al thinges els, ſhall ſhrinke againe.

You knowe the nine worthies laſted but a time,
The monſtrous mountes do waſte and weare awaye:
Then what is it that is made of fleſhe and lime,
That can vpon the earth long ſtand or ſtaye?
All is but fleſhe which waſteth like the ſnowe,
When life ſhall part, the wiſeſt doth not knowe.

Nowe alas, ſith the world is thus vnſure,
And fleſhe ſo fraile, what fooles bée mortall men:
That haue ſuch hope in that for to endure,
That ſtraight ſhall ſlip awaye they know not when?
What gaines get they that winne a little pelfe,
For which the Gods at laſt condempne him ſelfe?

Theſe wordes thus sayde, the rage of furious hell,
With new inuented miſeries gan then to increaſe:
That very woe and ſorrowe did compell,
This newe founde Pope from further talke to ceaſe.
Within my ſecreate hart, I pitied much her caſe,
Bicauſe ſhée was a woman, and had ſo litle grace.

But then to ſée the great Houſeheaded Friars,
With Iommarnold Munchs, on heapes how faſt they fel,
Beſide platterfaſde Abbots, & Prieſts with pricke eares:

Howe

Howe buſie they were it paſſeth tongue to tell.
I thinke they ſang for they gaped ſo wide,
That to heare their ſeruice I might not abide.

Eache nowke was full of Nunnes, as buſye as the beſt,
Properly apparelled like newe faſhioned Players:
Prating Pardoners, were Cookes of the Feaſt,
Whoſe ſcullions were a number of beaſtly Southſaiers.
Euery one occupied, not one of them was idle,
But neyther with Teſtament nor with Sacred Bible.

At length they fell out what ſo euer was the matter,
They fought with Senſars, and holy water Cans:
Great Beades about eache others face they clatter,
I litle thought they had beene ſuch men of their hands.
We ſaw them ſo diſquiet, we ſtode from them afarre,
For feare of blowes before that we were warre.

I ſawe no man there that ſeemde to make peace,
The like maiſtries at Olimpus, were neuer ſo made:
Thicke and threefold on heapes they lye like Beaſtes,
Their nayles were ſo long no man calde for a blade.
Thus violently they diſguiſed one of them the other,
In ſuch fury, that the ſon tormented his owne Mother.

It was a wonder to mée berye ſtraunge,
To ſée what May games they made in that pitte:
Like Maiſters of Fence (great ſtroakes they did chaunge
One with another) ſtarke madde out of witte.
A marualous Muſicke, a prayer moſt painfull,
Among Chriſtian people nothing more painfull.

Whereat (quod Morpheus) loking on mée,
Doeſt thou behold (quoth he) what miſerye is here,
And what preſumption in ſome women may bee,
And howe to come by their purpoſe. full litle they feare?
But what miſchiefe is this, heare for to finde,
Theſe Popes & theſe prelates ỹ to preach were aſſinde?

Theſe

Theſe are they which beare the woꝛld in hand,
That in heauen and hell, they had euermoꝛe powꝛer:
(As they ſayde) ſo it was, and with God did ſtande,
Out of hell to fetche thouſandes of ſoules in one howꝛer.
And no woꝛde true all was fables and lyes.
With falſe Doctrine and Idolatry the bleard our eyes.

Theſe are the Bellye Gods, that outward did appeare,
To bee moſt holye, and iuſt alway in theyꝛ liuing:
Which beſoꝛe God very Ipocrites were,
And liu'de like bꝛute Beaſts, without any thanks geuing.
They pleade a Pꝛiuiledge, to doe what theyꝛ lyſt,
As if hell and Heauen were both in theyꝛ fiſt.

And thus wee departed and left the new found Pope,
With her Colledge of Cardinals, and other her mates:
At hext of theyꝛ ſeruice without veſtment oꝛ Cope,
With nailes large and long, they biſpte each others pates.
So downe the dales, wee dꝛewe to beholde,
The manifold miſchiefe among yong and olde.

Whome then to ſee thꝛough many a knaggy cruſt,
And bꝛethles blaſt, with ſtoꝛmes as Kaſoꝛ kene:
And ſcaping dai tes all redde with cankred ruſt,
Wee paſſed thꝛough, of any one not ſeene.
Yet by the way a thouſand ſightes we ſee,
Of which to thinke, full ofte it greeueth mee.

Tyll at the laſte, wee dꝛewe vnto the place,
And hurtfull hole in cruell Stigion lake:
Whereas wee heard a man bewaile his caſe.
No pained ſoule, might greater ſoꝛrow make.
Theſe woꝛdes me thought, the wofull wꝛetch did cꝛye,
Come ſee (alas alas) the toꝛmentes where wee lye.

FINIS.

Newes betwene the Pope and Pluto,

and of the Proclamation about the Ladder twixt Hell and Heauen.

THus leauing Helen in endleſſe woe and paine,
Through vykeſome vale from crag to crag we crept:
Tormented ſpirites we heard of eche ſide plaine,
Thouſandes thouſandes, ſchryking cryed and wept,
Linckt faſt in chaynes, with cruell Kæpers kept.
Whoſe name and actes we liſted not to craue,
But paſſed forth to vewe the monſtrous caue.

Till at the length to a ſteepe and hawtie hill.
We chaunſt to come whereas me thought I ſæ,
One rowling vp a ſtone that tumbleth on him ſtill.
Thus night and daye from toyling reſts not hæ.
Also Duke Theſeus for his tirannye,
Bitten with Vipers and torne with Toades in ſunder,
In a pitte or prodle, that belched light and thunder.

Siſiphus for his deſolute and vitious liuing.

Eneas following Sibil rounde about that denne,
Vp hill from crag to crooked Torre he runnes,
His wandering limmes ſtill treades the filthie fenne,
In hope to haue in ſight that alwayes ſhunnes.
Also women drewe water in buckets that runnes.
With very manye mo to long to name,
As then me thought had plagues much like the ſame.

But as wæ went mæ thought I ſawe a glade,
That made a ſhoe as it a paſſage were.
Which was in dæde of very purpoſe made,
From thence to Rome erectes a mightie ſtere.
And Gorgon with a Clubbe was Porter there,
Except from Rome, in, there he might not paſſe,
Or elſe ſome ſuche as truſted in the Maſſe.

There are moe wayes to hell then one.

This is the waye frō Rome to Pluto.

This

This way paſſe ſoules from paines to endeleſſe blisse,
When pleaſe the Pope to ſende his letters thither,
Morpheus and I experience ſaw of this,
The Popes man and we met altogither,
Who brought Pardons packt vp in a bouget of lether.
Beſides letters that to Pluto then he deliuered,
On the which Pluto loked, peruſde, and conſidered.

The waye that ſoules paſſe thorowe betweene heauē and hel.

Whereupon Pluto his counſell calde ſtraight,
A filthie heape of croked noble ſtates,
To here their mindes becauſe it was of weight,
To gratifie the Pope and all his holye mates,
Sende for the meſſenger, and ſo theſe wordes debates.
My friende (quoth he) tha'rt welcome to this place,
So are they all that loue thy mayſters grace.

But by the flodes of dreadfull flaming Styx, (ſore,
The newes thy maiſter writtes doe grieue my guttes ful
For reuenge, theſe clawes as ſharpe as thornie prickes,
Shall toſſe and teare the ſpirites of many a ſcore,
(Ah worthy Pope) thy decay I much deplore.
A Cater for my Kitchine, prouider of the praye,
What meruell though I curſe the cauſe of thy decaye?

And with theſe wordes his ſcowling face lets poure,
The guſhing flodes and ſpowtes of fier red,
He gnaſht his teeth and gan to glowte full ſoure,
With belching breath, to'th meſſenger thus ſayde:
Take here an aunſwere vnto my ſupreme heade.
(Byd him be merye) I ſhall aſſiſtaunce ſende,
To take all ſuche, as with him doe contende.

With a romiſhe thankes, the meſſenger packeth,
Charged with the letters that Pluto doth ſende,
Poſte horſes by commiſſion in eache place he taketh,
Vntill he arriued at the ſlayers ende,

Whereas from Lymbo to Rome he ſhould aſcende,
Being a luſtie Lurdaine a Fryer of Saint Fraunces.
Twixt Rome and hel from ſteppe to ſteppe he daunces.

Thus the Fryer fled we hearde no more of him,
But ſtraight on a ſtage a Trumpet ſounded was,
Whereunto aſſembled ſuch ſoules as for ſinne,
Were ſent by the Pope to be puniſht alas,
Who thought to be pardoned by vertue of the maſſe.
Elſe hoping to heare of the Popes comming thither,
Then thinking to be releaſt from thence altogither.

When ſilence was made with much a doe,
This yll fatte Herraulde theſe wordes then declared:
That many men to the Pope were untrue,
And their large offrings and deuotions nowe ſpared,
For to come to God other meanes they prepared.
Hauing no truſt in the Pope nor his traditions,
But cal him the Captaine of Idolatrous ſuperſtitions.

To our Prince Pluto his letters doe declare,
That toward the North Pole Gods word is ſo embraſte:
That no man for pardons will giue mony nor ware,
(In Englande eſpecially) he is vtterly diſgraſte,
Creept among a few we here and there that are plaſte.
That with their friendes in nowkes and odde holes,
Sung a maſſe of Requiem for al chriſtian ſoules.

Which is to no purpoſe the money being gone,
That maintayned his grace and all his whole rowte,
His Cardinals, his Abbottes, his Friers, with ſir Iohn,
His Nunnes, and his Ancres, and all be thruſt out,
His Pardoners go begging and wandring about.
The ſhauelings be ſhronken that once bare the ſwaye,
Their credite and cuſtomes be runne to decaye.

And Boner that bolſtred the beames of his glorie,
Lyeth Sunke in the ſandes that onle beare the blade:

That

That many a Chriſtian therewith made full ſorie,
A while in Chriſtes Vineyarde he cut a great giade,
And ſtoute Storie that all the ſturre made.
Gardiner is wanting that was the blod letter,
And Fecknam is fait that was the clocke ſetter.

Storie
Gardiner.
Feckam.

Beſyde an infinite number within that ſame Ile,
That now be decayed and worne out of minde:
Banisht is Babilon that florisht ere while,
And the way to Ieruſalem by the Goſpell they finde
The Pope they repute to be a guide blinde.
They paſſe not a pin, for his bleſſinges nor curſes,
Let him ſaye what he will, they holde fait their purſes.

And in place of his friendes are ſtarte vp his foes,
And one cruell Captaine that worke all the griefe,
A Iewell of Chriſt Ieſus gaue Harding the bloes,
Confuting his fables in ſpite of his teth,
Yet fedes the poore flocke with Chriſtian beleefe.
Squencht is the confidence I ſay of our Harding,
Thers none young nor olde that eſteemes him a farding.

Iuell
Harding.

One Barthlet wee may ban throughout this whole bale:
And ſo may the Pope with Candle, Booke and Bell,
In the Papall pedigree we, hee tels ſuch a tale,
That all Romiſh Roges may roare to heare tell,
That Chriſtians had knowledge of the trumpery they ſell.
For he tippes vp the ſacke, and all poureth out,
From the firſt to the laſt, he rappes the whole route.

(This and much more) being the iuſt cauſe,
Of the Popes great plague and miſerable want:
(I meane of money) to maintaine his lawes,
Perforce muſt perſwade you, that here make your plaint,
Conſidering Gods worde hath him on the tainte.
You wofull ſoules that in Purgatorie lye,
Muſt yet here remaine there is good cauſe why.

(Which is this) you know the Pope hath bẽn at coſt,
To found betwirt Pluto and Rome theſe ſtayres:
And nowe it is like, that his labour is loſt,
Becauſe that his cuſtomes and credite thus weares:
Yet hẽ hath ſet Prieſts, Munkes, Nunnes, and Friers,
And the reſt of his Rable in hande for to make,
A Ladder to reache into Heauen for your ſake.

The building of the Lader and the timber with the workmen.

And vp it was reared, yeares long a goe,
And well vnderſet with Dyrges and Maſſes:
With Popiſhe Props, thouſandes on a roe,
As Pardons, Buls, Idols, Holy water, and Aſhes:
Palmes, and holy Bread, and many olde Trafhes,
Lampes, Lightes, Crolling and Crẽping,
And all to redreſſe your pitifull wẽping.

Singing, and Ringing, with Belles euery where,
Senſing, and Fenſing with Booke Bell and Candle:
Curſing, and Praying, of Muncke, Nun, and Frier,
Night, daye and houer, al thing for to handle:
Like workemen worthy, not banglers to Scramble.
A building to bolte ſo hye in the ſkyes,
doth craue Cunning workemen, and ſuch as are wiſe.

The cauſe of the fall thereof.

But loe (alas) the Popes willing minde,
For money to releaſe you of theſe bitter paines:
So many thouſandes ſtroue this Ladder to climbe,
That you miſt the Heauen, and hẽ his great gaines:
For bending it brake, with waight of your Chaines.
By meanes whereof, therein, who put truſt,
World without ende, remaine hẽre they muſt.

The tormented ſoules perſwaded to dwell forẽuer in paines.

And ſo ſhort it was, by full ten degrẽs,
And neuer could reach Gods glorye and bliſſe:
Although hẽ, and his, were as buſie as Bẽs,
In thende it woulde haue prouided but this:
Wherefore hẽ contented no remẽdye is,

Tyll

Tyl the Ladder bée mended, hence to diſpatche yée,
Or els that the Pope, come him ſelfe for to fetch yée.

The Goſpell of Chriſt, hath throughly confounded,
Not onely this Ladder, of the Popes owne deuice:
But alſo deſtroyde al them that firſt founded
The painted helles, and paper Paradice:
Yeare among vs, they ſhall playe theyr Price.
Theyr ſtinking Idolatrye, and vile Superſtition,
As holye as they bée, heare findes no remiſſion.

Therefore it is Pultos pleaſure that you knowe,
What fortune hath happed, your Father the Pope:
Yée him ſelfe to Heauen, is not able to goe,
Except Saint Peter, hale him vp in a Roape:
Or that bée chaunſe to bée pulde by his Coape,
By our Lady of Walſingham, & ſwéet Rode of Chefter
Elſe his portion in Heauen, is ſcant worth a Teſtar.

Theſe wordes being ſaide, bée diſmounteth the ſtage,
Saying, vengeance, and torment protect Plutos grace:
At the which cryed out with terrible rage,
Both yong and olde that were in that place:
A ſight to ſorrowfull, in beholding theyr caſe.
(I meane) of al ſuch, as put truſt in the Maſſe,
Theſe Newes made theyr torments much worſe then (it was.

To ſée the ſorrowfull ſort hals one another,
Crying out on the Popes, and his chauclinges there:
The Father, the Sonne, the Daughter, the Mother,
The Uncle, the Aunte, and Grandſier appeare:
To the ninthe degrée, thouſandes there were
Both Ritch and Poore, that truſted to the Maſſe,
Not one of them all, but I am ſure there bée was.

Some cryde fye of Idols, and ſome of holye water,
Some of Superſticion, and ſome of Scala celi:
Other ſome lamented, the mumbling of Lady Pſalter,
(Alas)

(Alas) quod another, this will not prevaile yée,
How maye you sée, their trumpery doth faile yée.
So it doth them selues. for loe where they lye,
That late boyst they? Gods, in Vaulters full hye.

And loe (quoth hée) where they bée singing a Masse,
Pope Alexander, Pope Ioane, and both vnder a stoale:
Sée you not the swéte blod of hayles in a glasse,
Which Idoll brought hither many a poore soule?
A Pardoner mée thinke standes by with a scrowle.
Some officer bée like of Saint Johns swéte Frary,
Loke who is in his bookes it is best you prepare yée.

At which woordes such a number brake out,
Of Caues and Sinkes on euery side:
As Tipling Bibs, and Suckers of growte,
Sea Sowers, and Brewbates, thyther fast hide:
Tutors, and Telltales, in euery nowke cryde.
Pickethankes and Prowlers, bearé holy water,
Their maisters (being woorlolings) sayd Confiteor, and (Misereator.

Flattery light Lampes, to our Lady of grace,
Ipocrisie, calde them vp to the offering,
Saint Anne of Buckstones was washing a pace:
But Lucre was lifting small pence to the Coffering.
At thrieft they were close in euery place.
Two faces in one hoode, the Crosse then did beare,
Whereat abhomination, beganne for to sweare.

Great deuision there séemed to bée,
All that were there, did knocke on they? breast:
But (alas) to late for to crye then Peccaui,
Althoughe the Pope both Crossed and blesse,
For when hée lokte backe, at Ite missa est:
When Dan Limlifter, the Candles should oute,
All flewe on a fire their Colledge through out.

¶ Howe the Ladder was amended, that lately was craisht,
After that time truthe of no man I aihste.

FINIS.

¶ The

The torment of Tiranny, *and the reward* for his vvickedneſſe; Being a King called *Mydas*: VVhich Tirannouſlye, ſwallowed not onely his Countrey for Lucre ſake, but his houſeholde Seruauntes alſo.

THus as wée left theſe Romiſh Roges, of whome I ſpake of late,
Wée chaunſte to heare a wocful wight, ỹ did bewaile his ſtate.
And Tiranny his name was calde, who lou'd to leime the powre,
And ſuppe the gaine of ſweating browes, for to increaſe his ſtore.
This mighty mate no mercy mindes, when he on ſoile did dwell,
But eate vp all on euery ſide, as they that want can tel.
The widow and the Fatherles, the Stranger that doth toyle:
His houſehold Seruitours and al, hée ſéketh for to ſpoyle.
Whome lended hée his eares vnto, but onelye vnto ſuche,
As vnto Pluto ſacrifizde theyr ſoules to gaine him muche:
Tyl at the laſt his Tiranny, the ayre corrupt with ſmell,
Whereat the Skies, did turne theyr hewe, and Limbo gan to yell.
The Mountaines roare by Eccos voice, into the Heauens hye,
The ſcrikes and cryes of wronged wights, and al togeather flye.
The Preachers powred teares apace, repentance tyl they cryde,
But al in vaine, his eares were ſtopte, ſuch newes he might not bide.
His ſtoared groũd, his racked rents, his heards of goats, with ſhæpe &
His prouling pickthãks, made him to forget his duty cleane: (graine,
Whom when ỹ Ioue peruſde, and ſearchte his flintiſh Pharaos heart,
Upon the ſnappe grimme Mors he ſends, to ſtick him with his Dart.
Who wound him ſo, that Atropos to line ſtraight laid the launce,
Gods people by this Tyrants death, from bondage to aduaunce.
Whoſe wandring ghoſt, to Carons bote, with fearful grones is gone,
To dwell among the damned ſpirites, for other hope is none:
Where, in a pit, a place is pitchte, a wocful chayre to ſit,
In molten mettall to the Crowne, a place for Tyrantes fit.
His officers bande him round about, with bagges of money thruſt,
Which neuer ceaſe, with gnaſhing téeth, to lend him many a duſt.
Meduſa is his Coke, to dreſſe this wretche his meate,
Which ſets before him crawling Snakes, and vgly Todes to eate.
His counſellers hée retcht on length, theyr Guts on hookes hée torne,

With hoſe ſowle deformed filthy tongus bewalle that they were borne,
Thus toſt & torne, with torments great, with thunderbolts bethwakt,
On forkes & fleſhhooks threind & ſtretcht, eche ioynt from other crakt,
And to augment this Miſers griefe, with hookes they hale him out
Vppon a froſen ſcaffolde hoyſt, this Tyrannt lookes about:
Where hellish Hegges and Furies ſhewe a ſight t'increaſe his paine
Which is the ioyfull Eden fieldes, where ſaued ſoules remaine.
The bliſſfull bankes there might he ſee, the valleyes ſweete & fayre,
Where wants no floures of noble taſte, for to perfume the ayre.
All kinde of fruites do ſhew themſelues, and readie ripe they bynge,
Of pleaſures paſſing man to wiſhe, there wantes no kinde of thinge.
Pernaſſus hill to baſe a bancke, to be compared to this,
Or Helicon in ſuch reſpect, a weedie pyngle is.
Nor Cithera pearle of all the earth, is ought but counterfet,
Though it were deckt with all the golde, that Alexander get.
Tho I had dronke and ſupped vp, ſweete Aganippes well,
Or Gabanelus ſkilfull floodes, yet want I ſkill to tell
The heapes of ioyes, this ioyfull fielde is garniſhed with all,
Doth much ſurmount this worldly bliſſe, thriſe more then ſuger gall
For there Sir Tellus doth not taſte of Hiemps froſen face,
Nor Boreas braggs the weakeſt twigge, ſtirs not within that place,
For Phebus hee his golden beames, diſperſeth here and there:
And Iupiter the ſilver droppes from ſkies doth cauſe retire.
(In ſeaſon due) to mol ſie theſe fieldes of endleſſe bliſſe,
Where none may come but ſuch as by the Goddes appoynted is.
Whoſe garmentes be as white as ſnow, on inſtrumentes they ſing,
And neuer ceaſe, but prayſing God, of earth, and heauen king.
And crownes vpon their heads they were, & aungels foode they eate,
Still Gloria in excelſis ſing to th Lambe vpon the ſeate.
There might this Tyrannt well beholde the poze whome he oppreſt.
Amid theſe ioyes for euermoze, appoynted for to reſt.
And ſuch as leaſt he did eſteeme, and all be rent with wrong,
Their happie life eche houre did ſee, and daylie hearde their ſong.
Which when he hearde, a triple paine aſſaultes this captiues ghoſt.
When hee did way his mundane mucke, and heauens treaſure loſt:
In equall ballaunce when he tryed, how Conſcience him accuſde,
(Quoth hee) fie on you Impes of hell, that thus haue me abuſde.

Speaning

Meaning by the muckhill Mates, which whiſpred in his eare,
And taught him how Goddes people poore, for gaines to rend & teare.
To ride, to runne, to hale, and drawe, as bondeſlaues euery houre,
To whippe and ſcourge no mo then all, that were within his poure.
But Oh (quoth hée) let all the worlde example take by mée,
Let neuer greateſt Prince on earth thinke other but to dye.
Oh, fye on goodes, thyrſe fye on golde, and tentimes fie on ſuch
As ſhall procure great mightie men, the poore by wrong to touch.
And then he wrange his handes for woe, what happe had I (quoth hée)
To lende my eares to Dunghil Doltes, at their commaunde to bée,
And baniſht from my ſeruice quite, the blode of gentle race,
Which alwayes counſaylde me to minde, mine honor and my grace?
But as the Rauens ſéeke their praye, or Wolfe the ſpoyle purſues,
So did the Churles by meanes of me, eache where their furie vſe.
The ſonnes of Theeues & ruſtick Carles, might leade me as they lift,
So that the gobs of gloring golde, they brought to freight my ſhift.
Yet as they ſpoylde the coaſt abroade (from me) ſo did they pinche,
So that at euerye elne, I ſcarce receyued halfe an inche.
I pitied not the Widowes cauſe, nor fatherleſſe I wayde,
Both townes and countries rounde about, to pastures great I layde.
Yet had I mines, with vineyardes large, with corne and cattell ſtore
Yea Lordſhips, lands, parckes houge & wide, yet ſtil I lokt for more.
Mules and Camels infinite, Townes and Caſtles greate,
Thus Fortune with hir ſmiling lokes, hir worldly hookes can bayte
To catche the couetous Tyrant with, to preſent to Plutos grace,
Whoſe wickedneſſe he doth rewarde full well within this place.
And then hée lokt vpon theſe ſlaues, much yll (quoth he) betide,
You verlots borne, that thus bewitcht a Prince of ſuch a pride.
Much yll and wo may hap to thée, thou foule deformed ſlaue.
And all thy mates that moued mée, this mundan mucke to craue.
The childe vnborne curſe you & yours, the hils ſhall ſounde the ſame,
The ſtones in ſtréets cry out on you, the ſkies proclaime your ſhame.
The heauens abhor both you and yours: hel rend you with his iawes,
And Furies all in Stigion ſtreames, torment you with their clawes.
Much more he ſayde but what it was, for ſhrikes we coulde not tell,
His men of truſt and hée that time, in tormentes ſo did yell.
But ſtill they bang him with theſe bagges, like mutmen in their rage
And ſtreite theſe furies with their hookes, did mout him from ỹ ſtage.

Where tumbling hée in molten golde, doth walter here and there,
Till at the length, of him nor his, we coulde not sée nor here.
Butouer the pit with letters blacke, this sentence there was pende
This is the place of iust rewarde for Tyrauntes in the ende.
Then by and by, a thundring voyce came poudering vp the pitte,
(Which sayde) remember thende you men, in chayres of state that sit,
For Pluto is the Iaylor here, to mightie Ioue aboue:
He pardons none but all alike, (take heede it doth behooue)
Which woordes did make my hart to shrink, as flowers doe in June,
So that to speake one woorde for life, I durst not once presume.
But in my heart I wisht all men, king Mydas mucke to flée,
And specially the number that of mightie honor bée.
For they that reade the Poetes workes, shal here of Mydas much,
And how he crau'de all to be golde that he might fele or touche.
But though the Poets fabled so, and I in dreames doe faine,
Yet let not Tyrauntes better trust, but taste of Plutos paine.

The rewarde that Rosamond *had*

in hell, for murdering of hir husbande *Albonius* and liuing vitiously in hir husbandes dayes.

WHen from this Pope we were depart and gone,
Meaning to returne, the night was almost spent:
But there fast by we hearde one crye a non,
Which sayde (Alas, alas) to late I doe repent,
My wanton dayes, my lustie youthfull toyes,
Vaine banisht me from Aungels part of ioyes.

The sounde thereof a woman did present,
For screminglie it rang among the caues,
Which when we hearde we coulde not be content:
But scalde the cragges among the flaming waues.
Till at the last a dungeon had we spyde,
Wherein the woman was that latelye cryde.

And

And as we ſtode thereof to take the vewe,
In ſcalding furneſſe whoſe flaſh doth ſtill increaſe,
A ſeeming noble Dame with crowne and ſcepture ne we
(Among a number) gan firſt of all to preaſe,
And ſayd (Oh Morpheus) ſuch haſte why doſt thou make?
I pray thee bide a while, yet for a womans ſake.

Wherefore (quoth hée) my preſence doth no good,
And yll I may abide, the night is almoſt ſpent:
Shée hearing this, cryed out as one were wood,
Abide and beare two wordes, then go I am content.
Diſpatche (quoth hée) for long I cannot bide,
But firſt of all, thy name and cauſe deſcribe.

(Oh quoth ſhée) this place prepared is,
For wickedneſſe the iuſt rewarde to hée,
And ſuch as liue againſt the Goddes amiſſe,
Be vſed here with tormentes as you ſée.
With Morpheus thou all dreames doſt theirs eche where,
Publiſh this abroade how we are vſed here.

And let them know how Roſamonde the Quéene,
To Albonyus late wife that was ſometime,
Lyeth torment here as thou haſt preſent ſéene,
For filthie life, and odious bloodie crime.
My life did craue none other ende but this,
Therefore beholde rewarde of wickedneſſe.

Therefore let mée to women warning bée,
To honor God the beſte, and next their ſpouſed makes:
And ſay that Roſamonde thus ſayde to thee,
Who doth not ſo, ſhall enter at theſe gates.
It doth become eache woman night and daye, (ſaye.
To holde them well content, at what their husbandes

You luſtie bloodes poſſeſt with hawtie hartes,
Your loftie lokes correct with meaner ſtate,
Refuſe to playe theſe wanton wilfull partes,

From follye flée, leaſt you repent to late.
Sometime I lokte as hye as heyte of you,
Which is the onelye cauſe I bid al ioyes adewe.

Séeme not to ſwell a haſtye woꝛde to heare,
No vauntage ſéeke, noꝛ quarrels frame to bꝛeede:
An honeſt womans part is euer to foꝛbeare
The ſayinges of her huſband, if wel thée thinke to ſpéede.
Where loue is linkte, woꝛdes cannot bꝛewe the bate.
But where diſſemblers are, fewe woꝛdes then cauſeth (hate.

And laye aſide your newe diſguiſed raye,
Leaue pꝛancking of your ſelues with painted face:
From whirling heyꝛe and there your eyes pꝛophaned ſtay,
Bée faithful Patrons found in euery place.
Who doth hir ſpowſed Pate in any caſe betraye,
Shall ſure repent it foꝛe, with mée another daye.

Foꝛ if that grace had light vpon my ſide,
Then had I bꝛead befoꝛe the doubtfull ende:
And ſo eſcaped that which nowe alas I bide,
As Guerdon méete foꝛ them that ſo offend.
Foꝛ through one woꝛd I heard my huſband ſaye,
My ſtomack was ſo ſtowte, I made him ſtraight away.

Which was but ſmall and eaſie to bée boꝛne,
But that the wicked ſpꝛite mée tempte to ſéeke his blood,
Foꝛ euen as Judas his Maiſters death had ſwoꝛne,
Infect with like temptacion, that pꝛeſent time I ſtoode.
Uengeance I inuented, and vengeance haue I caught.
To ſéeke my Huſbandes life, mine owne deſtruction (bꝛought.

Loe, this was the cauſe. At my Huſbands returne,
From doing great Battailes in Countreys full farre:
Being his pleaſure a while foꝛ to Soiourne,
To reſt him at eaſe after his Warre:
Let call a Triumphe, and made a great Feaſt,
To the which aſſembled all his Loꝛdes of the beſt.

And

And being in his meriment, Thus Jeſted with mée:
Take a Goblet with Wine, and theſe wordes thē he ſayd:
(Drinke a tawnt to thy Father, Wife quoth hée)
Who before in Battaile was wounded to dead.
Thus for to ſaye, much is not a mis,
Who euer doth ſpeake it, where any grace is.

But (alas) vnhappilye I, as moſt women bée,
Was pufte full of Pride, and mutable minde:
I ſwelde as a Toade his death for to ſée,
Yet ſpake I him fayre his ſences to blinde:
O God what miſchiefe can women inuent,
And if a man alter but once theyr intent.

When I ſpake him as fayre as heart might deuiſe,
And made the greateſt ſhewe of Faithfull true loue:
Inwardlye then I dyd hate and deſpiſe,
Myne noble Huſbande all Creatures aboue.
Therefore I confeſſe, it is harde for to knowe,
When a woman ſpeakes fayre, if ſhée meanes it or no.

I polluted filthilye my Huſbandes bedde,
With one of his ſeruauntes, whome after I made
Moſt Traiterouſly to ſmite of his head,
As hée laye a ſléepe with his owne ſwoorde or blade.
And ſo toke his Treaſure, and to the Seas wée fled,
There leauing my Huſband wounded to dead.

This Squiers name, that did this wicked déede,
Melchis was called a ſtoute worthy Knight:
In Rauenne there became to proceede
A mighty Prince of great power and might.
Yet for all this, with him ſtraight I tyred,
For eache daye on my filthy luſt beaſtly deſired.

Were hée Gentle or ſimple, I ſpared none,
Of one aboue another, I made no ſtore:
For ſhame, Feare, and Grace, from mée were quite gone,

I

I paſte not a pinne were they Ritche or poore:
My filthy fleſhe ſo wickedly was ſette,
That all was but fiſhe that came to the nette.

But among al the reſt one noble man,
That then of Rauenne was a gouernour:
As ofte as pleaſed him nowe and than,
Had greate delite to holde mée as Paramour.
On whome a while my flitting minde did runne,
As erſt it had of Melchis latelye done.

For whoſe ſake Melchis my huſbande newe,
Through treaſon framde, and vile Duplicitye,
Within my heart his death, I gan to bréwe,
Becauſe at large I thought to liue more viciouſly.
To worke the feate by ſleyght, and ſcape the blame,
I priuily poyſoned wine, & made him drinke the ſame.

To the middes dranke Melchis this Cup of Wine.
Which made him loke with colour dead and wan:
But when hée ſawe that Traytreſſe heart of mine,
With much a doe theſe wordes declare hée gan
With rufull face. Thou wicked wretche (quothhée)
Albonius thou through Treaſon ſlew, ſo haſt done me.

And there withall his hande vppon mée layde,
And vrged me in Maugre of my head,
To drinke the tother halfe before I ſtaide,
Which was no ſoner done but downe wée both fell dead,
And thus at miſchiefe ended I my life,
That ſometime was a Famous Princes Wife.

Loe Morpheus, this is the ſumme and all:
Nowe thou knoweſt my name, my wicked fact and déde:
I praye thée yet what haſte ſoeuer fall,
Warne women of the like, it's not a litle néede.
To theyr Eſpouſed mates, bid them bée meeke & true,
Or tell them elſe confuſion doth enſue.

Bid

Bid them mæken theyꝛ mindes with al due obedience,
And to humble them ſelues to theyꝛ Huſbandes alwaies:
Foꝛ it is commonlye ſæne by auncient experience,
That none but the wilful doe catche their decaies.
Though wylye in woꝛking the craftie Dames bæ,
Them ſelues they deceaue in the ſhoe you may ſæ.

And now farewel Morpheus thou wotes what I meane,
Thou mayeſt ſay thou met with a miſerable wight:
That firſt pꝛocured her Huſband to bæ ſlaine,
And alſo poyſoned a valiaunt Knight.
This was my acte and the cauſe of my fall,
Quite murther, foꝛ murther, my ſelfe laſte of all.

And with theſe woꝛdes a Tyꝛaunt with a hoke,
In tender ſides, the moꝛtall woundes bæ pꝛintes,
Another on a foꝛke this wicked woman ſhoke,
Nothing pꝛeuailed leſſe, then foꝛ to crye with plaintes.
A thouſande naked blades in her they thꝛuſt,
And ſtill (quoth they) this woman was vniuſt.

Bæ thought it was a feareful ſight to ſæ,
Pitye woꝛught ſuch griefe in mæ, I wept foꝛ woe:
I thought that in a womans heart, had layen moꝛe pitye,
Then foꝛ to ſerue her faithfull Huſband ſo.
Why doſt thou muſe (quoth Morpheus) then to mæ?
This is the iuſt reward of them that wicked bæ.

The night is almoſt ſpent (quoth hæ) come let vs goe,
The leaſt of theyꝛ paines paſſeth our helpe:
I will bꝛing thee ſafe to the place thou came fro,
Bæ not doubtful of Cerberus that fowle curriſhe whelpe,
Noꝛ of any that is heare, I will anſwere them all:
Bæ of good chære what euer doe be fall.

Thus wandering backe, wæ loked about,
And oꝛ euer wæ wiſt, were at Plutoes Pallace:
At the which wæ heard ſo cruell a ſhowte,

As if they had all gon togither in malice,
Yet when we came nere them the truth then appered,
It was but a triumph, and nought to be feared.

Then after a while vpon a ſtage full hye,
An yll faſte yoman a blacke Trumpet blew:
And when ſilence was made, he proclaymed a crye,
In the name of Pluto for tydinges moſt true.
(Quoth he) bloodie Boner the Butcher comes here,
That hath furniſht our kitchin this many a yere.

Moreouer (quoth he) it is Plutos high pleaſure,
That all men prepare in the beſt ſort they can,
Sith he is to Pluto and Proſerpin ſuch treaſure,
To receyue him amonge vs as becomes ſuch a man,
You know what his ſeruice hath bene heretofore,
Loke to your duties what nedes any more.

This ſayde, he departed ſtraite from the ſtage,
And to Plutos Pallace he then toke the waye.
But then to ſee both man boye and Page,
To ſet newe deuentions in order and raye,
The halfe to declare, it paſſeth my witte,
I am ſure the like, was neuer ſene yet.

There was fyling of fire boltes in holes and in noukes,
Heading of dartes, and poynting of ſpittes,
Shouring of blades, and bending of hookes,
Mending of fireforkes, and wyring newe whipes,
Barreling of Pitche, Sulfur, and Saltepeter,
With more then can be deſcribed in meter.

But for to be briefe ſo willing they were,
That nothing was wanting to ſet out the ſhowe,
As by their dilligence full well did appere,
No man coulde be more welcome there I know.
Boner (quoth one) Boner quoth another,
Welcome as hartely as Father or Mother.

With

With all thinges poynt vice, and fit for the nonce,
Forth came Pluto, and Proſerpin the Quéne,
To méte Boner the ſucker of ſoules, fleſh, and bones,
In ſuch order and ſorte as hath not bene ſéne.
I ſhall make a deſcription as nie as I can,
How they went in order to méte him eche man.

Firſt two and two came marching togither,
With a Pickefork or Flefhooke in euery fiſt,
A blacke banner diſplayed that wauered in the weather,
Which obſcured the light with darcke ſtinking miſt.
Yll faſte Trumpiters a number there were,
From whoſe mouthes flewe a thunder odible to here.

The number I knew not ſo many there were,
But braue and fine they were out of doubt:
In hattes like hiues, and hoaſe bumde with heare
With rough courſe heades, they loked full ſtout,
They were ſo luſtie they ſemde to be cutters,
For they made it tentimes as bigge as ſwarfe Rutters.

Next after theſe there came in a raye,
By heapes whole ſwarmes of Plutos nobilitie,
Which did ride vpon Beares that did gape for their praye,
That alwayes were fed with the ſpoyle of ſimplicitie.
About their neckes hang double chaynes of golde,
But to aſke their names I durſt not be bolde.

Then came his Chapleins by two and by three,
And after them followed the great Vicare of all,
And on his heade a triple Crowne ware he,
Arayed in robes that were full Pontificall,
On a ramping Lyon that gaped full wide,
This greaſie Prelate that preſent did ride.

And then followed Pluto and Proſerpin his Quéne,
Upon as ſtraunge horſes as euer I ſaw,
For like the hote gleydes glowed their eine,

Pightie and monſtrous, long, large, and hie
With a number of Lordes, and Ladies alſo,
Came after in order, beſide other moe.

Cerberus was caught in the Porters warde,
The gates were ſet open againſt Boner came,
Of Morpheus, and mee no man tooke regarde,
Their minde ranne ſo much of this noble man.
By meanes whereof without more adoe,
We gate out o'th gates or any man knewe.

Being out of the gates we ſcaled a rocke,
To ſee if we might there ſpie Boner comming,
Who in deede appeared in ſight with a flocke,
That came like Bedlems hedlong then running.
Himſelfe led the way like a Champion ſtoute,
On a Dragons backe that ſpoyle rounde aboute.

He kept no order nor the companie that he brought,
For headelong came reeling both olde and young,
As thicke as hayleſtones, a man would haue thought,
Whereof ſome cryed, and otherſome ſoung.
But downe the hyll one and other came tumbling,
With Sancta Maria, I heard them faſt mumbling.

A Banner was borne with red all to ſpotted,
Before this butcher that pittie was to ſee,
Whoſe armes in the middes was rufully blotted,
With the bloode of Martires whome he cauſed to die.
And in the ſhielde painted as plaine did appeare,
An innocent Lambe, a cruell Wolfe, and a Beare.

In a fielde all blacke, on the other ſide his flagge,
Was depainted a fagot that glowed like a glæde,
And a bloodie hande with a ſworde that did braggе,
Againſt all that profeſt Chriſtes Goſpell in deede.
With a poeſie that threatned both aged and young,
To be leeue in his lore, or elſe holde their tongue.

But

But then to ſée what a méeting there was,
Betwéene Pluto, Proſerpin, and Boner that time,
For want of ſkill I muſt let it paſſe,
I cannot mention th'one halfe in this rime.
(No diſpleaſure to the Pope) if himſelfe had bene there,
It had not béene poſſible to made him better cheare.

Mary what they ſayd, that, wée did not know,
But there was for ioye ſuch colling and kiſſing:
Some laught that téeth a ſote long they did ſhow,
And clawde eache other by the pate without miſſing.
To ſée the triumph made with fleſhhookes & ſpits,
Had bene able to haue brought a man from his wits.

For thunder and lightning flew fizing about,
Dartes and firebrandes walkt here and there,
Bonfiers were made in all hell throughout,
For ioye that Boner was comming ſo néere.
Whoſe face I frayde leaſt he ſhoulde haue ſpide me,
For when he was liuing he might not abide me.

Behinde Morpheus I crept, till they marched by,
And were paſt as farre as Cerberus warde,
But when they were within we hearde ſuch a crye,
As among all the ſorrowes before I not hearde.
They ſet hell on fire with making a feaſt,
And all was to welcome this lately come geſt.

What was Boners buſineſſe that I doe not know,
Peraduenture he went to fetche ſoules away thence.
But iudge as you liſt therein yea or no,
I would not be with him for all the Popes pence.
But if Boners babes doe thinke that I lie,
Then let them go thither the truth for to trie.

The ende of the Rewarde of VVickedneſſe.

Retonrning from Plutos Kingdome, To Noble *Helicon*: The place of Infinite Ioye.

WHen wée from Plutos Pallaice came, and bewed had this woe,
(Quod Morpheus) yet I haue a walke, a litle waye to goe.
For ſith I haue take al this paine, the doleful place to ſée,
My friendes ſhall knowe of my affayres, for that I am ſo nye.
This viage right I long a goe, perfoꝛmde my pꝛomiſe is,
As thou thy ſelfe who eare demaunde, ſhal witneſſe bée of this.
My Ladies lokte foꝛ mée long ſince, ſome vncouth newes to heare,
And howe in Stigion flames they ſped, that liuing, wicked were.
Therefoꝛe it ſtandes mée much vpon, my pꝛomiſe to perfoꝛme,
For that vnto theſe woꝛthy Dames, ſo firmely I haue ſwoꝛne.
It nothing doth behoue (quoth hée) with them to bawke oꝛ bloke,
For why they doe from mighty Gods, deſcende of Sacred ſtocke.
Of Mercurie the onely ſayde Mineruas dearlinges déere,
Whoſe mightie Muſe, and learned ſkill, had neuer yet theyꝛ péere.
In Helicon their dwelling is, with Cytheron full hye,
Pernaſſus foꝛ theyꝛ pleaſure haue, when they thereto agrée.
And loe, where (Helicon) appeares of truth a pꝛincely place,
Where thou and I, theſe Ladies with, muſt commen face to face.
At which mine eyes I lifted vp: The foꝛe ſayde place I ſée,
Which was mée thought ſo paſſing fine, as neuer thing might bée.
The Redroſe, and the Roſemarye, Inuironed this Hill,
In euerye noke the Gilyflower, him ſelfe pꝛeſented ſtyll.
The comely Bancks with Dayſies decke, and Pꝛimroſe out of crie,
The Violets and Cowlesſops ſwéete, abought in sight I ſpye.
With other Herbes that pleaſaunt were, which did mée good to ſée.
Whoſe fragrant ſmels perfume the ayꝛe, ꝑ from this place doth flée,
The Thruſtel and the Nightingale, with Muſike ſwéete they Pipe,
So pleaſauntlye the Gods them ſelues to heare would much delite.
Loe, here doe yéeld the Chriſtal Spꝛings, theyꝛ trickling ſiluer floods,
And there Pomgarnet Trée with fruite, to earth doth veile his buds.
The Filbeard in another place, as bꝛowne as Beryes ſhoe,
Citſenes I ſpyed the Oꝛrange hyng, with Quince and many moe.

What

At Helicon.

What walk that wanted there (nothing) that might delite the minde,
But hee that lokte (in euery place) the same should presently finde.
In triple wise the Arbours cast, I made of sweetest Briar,
Mixt with the Vine, that vp and downe the ripest grape doth beare.
Of Bore are Turrets dubbed round, & stayres by arte wel wrought.
Tascende into the tops thereof, as fine as maye bee thought.
Wherein these Ladies ofte doe sit, this Joyfull sight to bewe,
For there they maye afarre, beholde what strangers come a newe.
And when wee had perusde this place, of highe and mightye fame,
In herte of al these Turret tops, wee spied a noble Dame,
Adorned and deckte, in comelye raye, and seemely to beholde,
Hir face was like an Angel bright, whose hayre that staynde the gold.
Not curld and fruzulde her browes about, but combde in order fayre,
And on her head of Laurell made, a garlande which shee ware.
No double Ruffes about her necke, no garded Gowne ware shee,
Nor on her handes that staynde the snow, no ringes there were to see.
Hir eyes stoode stedfast in her head, they whirlde not here and there.
Nor in her face you could espye, ought else but grace appeare.
A comely Gowne shee had vpon, of collour sad and sage,
As best became a worthy Dame, presenting midle age.
To whome wee drewe in al the haste, our reuerence for to vse,
Whom when shee saw, first word shee said, welcome (quoth she) what (newes
But further or I do proceede, her name I shal describe,
And in what order that I see, hir Sisters in that tide.
Melpomina, this Ladye hight, the eldest of the nine,
That there among hir Sisters sate, within that Turret greene.
And euerye Ladye with a Booke, in studie sate full fast,
And reading of the worthy actes, that had beene done and past.
The workes of Poets all they had, and scanning there they were,
Who was best worthy in his time, a Poets name to beare.
And Instruments in euery nowke, these noble Ladies had,
To recreate theyr Muses with, and for to make them glad.
And euerye one appareyld like, whose face like starres did shine.
Respondent to Melpomina, In gracious giftes diuine.
Among them were no wanton songs, nor Bacchus banequets sought.
Nor newe deuice of prancking Pride, nor signe of euill thought.
There was no care to purchase lande, nor stealing of the poze,
Nor renting Houses out of erye, nor hoording for a scoze.

There

There was no vrluing for ſuch pelfe, as worldlinges nowe delite,
From Telltale could not there bee found, that worketh al the ſpite.
Nor Peter Pickthancke beare no ſwaye, for all his craftye fatche,
The Baihe Laurence Lurcher, there hath nothing for to catche.
There is no Tyrant there, that ſpoiles nor doth ỳ poore man wrong,
No taking in of Commons is, within that circuite long.
One ſeekes not there anothers blood, his liuinges to obtaine,
No priuie hate, nor open wrath, among them doth remaine.
Hipocriſie doth take no place, among theſe worthye Dames,
Of any Crime it is not heard, that one another blames.
The ruggie blaſt of Boreas mouth, at no time taketh place,
There Ver, and Flora, both do ſhewe they⁹ gorgious face.
Nor Zephirus doth thake no braunche, within that ſacred Hill,
But euery thing in former ſtate, alwayes continueth ſtyll.
Nor Hiemps hath no power there, the flakye Snowe to caſt.
There is nothing that taketh taſte, of cruell Winters blaſt.
And as I ſaide ere while, howe that mee did theſe Ladies ſpie,
(So what mee ſayd) and they to vs, Ile tell you by and by.
When mee in order found them thus: Haile Ladye Morpheus ſayde,
With Cap in hande I bailde to earth: (They bad mee hele my heade)
(And welcom Morpheus) one and all, they ſayde reioyſinglie, (thee
Why haſt thou bene ſo long (q they) what newes haſt brought with
What newes (q Morphe) newes ynough, aread frō whence I came
I haue performoe my promiſe made, as ought an honeſt man.
You did requeſt and I agreede to bewe vile Stigion lakes,
And to peruſe with wicked ſorte, what order Pluto takes.
And how they are rewarded there, it was your willes to know,
That did delite in euill actes to worke poore people woe.
(Quoth they thats true) I were you there? I came from thence (q mee)
Then all at once they gaue him thankes, as glad as they might bee.
With modeſt words tell vs (q they) what ſightes that you haue ſeene
For thankes is all you get of vs, to quite your toyled paine.
But what we can or may be boulde, that honeſt ſeemes to bee,
(To pleaſure you) in any wiſe, we ſhall thereto agree.
But ſpeake, tell on, lets loſe no time (quoth one) we thinke it long,
Begin good Morpheus (quoth the reſt) and we will holde our tongue.
So Morpheus ſtreight began his tale, and toulde them how that hee,
Among a Maſque of merye mates, by chaunce did light on mee.

And

And howe wee paſt from ward to ward, & what was done and ſayde,
And when wee came to Plutoes place, among them howe wee ſped.
And whome we ſaw, and what they did, & what theyr ſayinges was,
Correſpondent to the trueth diſcribed, more and leſs.
But when hee tolde them of the Pope, that Alexander hight,
And of the Seruice that they ſang, and vſed day and night:
And what reſort of Shauelings hee, had with him euery howre,
The Ladyes all on Laughing fell, yea, rounde about the Tower.
Yet wofull for the reſt they were, becauſe they wanted grace,
For very zeale theſe worthy Dames, in teares did waſhe theyr face.
Where at when Morpheus did behold, theſe Ladies woful cheare,
(Quod hee) if I had thought on this, I would not haue come heare.
But ceaſe your dolour yet a while, your liſtning eares lende mee,
And wipe away thoſe plainting teares, which greeueth me to ſee.
For certs I haue, of woefulneſſe and dyrefull deſtnye tolde,
Of pleaſaunt Pageantes Ile rehearſe, & Triumphs many folde.
In wandring vp and downe the dale, to ſee theſe vglye ſightes,
About the place where Pluto laye, wee ſawe great Lampes & lightes.
With Pageants playd, and Tragedies, & noiſe of Trumpets ſound,
Yea, Bonfires blaſde, with thumping guns, that ſhooke the trembling ground.
Which when we hard, & did behold, we haſted faſt to know,
What was the cauſe, wherfore or why, thoſe trumpets gan to blow.
And comming to the Pallaice Gates, wee neede not craue them why,
For Boner comes with open Jawe, both yong and olde gan crye.
So Morpheus ſet the Tale an ende, and as I ſayde of late,
One ſo as Boner welcomde was, at large diſcride the ſtate.
Where at the Ladies euery one, with comely ſmiling cheare,
Laide by theyr Wokes, & lawght ful faſt, thoſe newes of him to heare
A ha (quoth they) is Boner there? Thats Plutoes Butcher bolde.
It's Plutoes parte to welcome him, for ſeruice done of olde.
And reaſon good another ſaide, deſertes muſt needes bee quit,
And ſo they are I doe perceyue, by you in Plutos pit.
Some ſcofte & ſayd, hee went for Soules, that long in Stigion dwelde.
And other ſome to preache and teache, a great opinion helde.
But in the fine a thouſand thankes, they yelded Morpheus there:
(And ſayde) they would deſerue his paines, if able that they were,
And yong man (quoth Melpomina) ſith thou haſt taken paine,
Wee doe confeſſe for recompence, thy debtors to remaine.

But muche I wonder howe thy witte did ſerue theſe ſights to ſée,
Nay maruaile not(quoth Morpheus then)al while he was with mée.
But otherwyſe in déede(not hée)nor any mortall man,
That could or might at any time,Phlegetons fiers ſcan. (meane:
Thats true,but whats his name (quoth one) bee lokes with muſing
He is(quoth Morpheus) towards you al,and ſprong of Robins blood,
Whoſe painefull pen hath aye béene preſt, for to aduance this place,
As at theſe dayes,his actes full well,ſhal witneſſe to your grace.
And certainelye his chirping tongue,delites to bawke no truth,
But plaineſong partes each where doth ſing,as well to age as youth.
Therfore ſith I had promiſe made,this vglye place to ſée,
Mée thought a fitter man to take,I could not finde then hée.
(Quoth Vranye) with ſéemely lokes, Good ſir yée ſaye full true.
For had you not ſome bodye take,no man had knowne but you.
And thé your labor had béen loſt,which now great thanks doth craue.
Nor the reward had béene knowen,that wicked people haue.
And ſith you light vpon our friende,ten times the gladder wée.
To warning of the reſt we truſt,theſe newes in Print to ſée.
And with theſe words they toke their bookes,frō Turret ſtraight diſ-
With one accord they charged me al,to haſt ỹ this were pend. (cend,
In verſe (quoth Cho) pithilye according to your Dreame,
We charge you that to al the worlde,your pen doe ſtraight proclaime,
And the Rewarde of wickedneſſe your Booke ſhall haue to name,
No better title can bée founde to grée vnto the ſame.
But when I hard theſe wordes in déede,ſo full of care I was, (pas.
That when I ſhould haue aunſwere made,no word from mée coulde
My wits were waſt, my ſence was fled,and ſtil I ſtode amaſde,
Like Hart before the Hounde afright,or Birde in pitfall daſde.
And what to ſay I readies was, they gaue ſo ſtraight a charge,
Yet at a venture by and by,theſe wordes I ſpake at large.
Madames(quoth I) my willing mind aye alwaies yours hath béene,
Although the groſſeneſſe of my head, deſerue no praiſe to winne.
And more then twentye times aſhamde,aſſuredlye I am,
That any of my barren workes,your learned eyes ſhoulde ſcan,
Apollos prudent worthie ſkill, nor Pallas actiue feates,
(I neuer knew) to promiſe this,how ſhall I pay my debtes?
My ſillie cares Mineruas boyce could neuer vnderſtande,
Alas good Ladies wouldst you I ſhoulde take this worke in hande?

If

If Caliope rulde my pen, and did thereto agrée,
Then shoulde you well and easie spie at all no fault in mée.
And sith as yet I neuer taste, your milke of sacred brest,
I doe beseeche you euerie one, forget your last request.
And place some other in my stéede, this worke in hande to take,
And so you shall your little Birde a chérefull Robin make.
And otherwyse when all is done, for to acquite my paines,
With losse of all my labour I shall purchas Cherils gaines.
What, will you so (quoth one indéede,) by this what doe you meane?
Who might for shame denie vs all to take so mickle paine?
What néede you to alleadge such doubts, you are to blame (quoth shée)
Who want you to assist you with, when we thus friendelie bée?
And are we not both some and all, for to erect the same?
Who euer yet toke paine for vs, but wan immortall Fame?
And then shée helde me fast bith hand, come Sisters then (quoth shée)
Come bring your keyes vndoe your lockes, & let this younge man sée
How we exalte the studious sorte, whose paynefull hande and quill,
Is apt at any time to yéelde their fruites vnto this hill.
I hearing this, vneth one worde, durst saye but helde me still.
And countnaunce made as if I woulde consent vnto their will.
And so they brought vs to the place, that all the rest excéedes,
Tentimes as much as in swéete May, the Cowslops stincking wéede.
And méete vpon the mountaine toppe, bolt vp into the skies,
This noble place of endelesse fame, most curiously doth rise,
Whose Turrets here & there doe showe the cúning workmans skill,
That first by art that statelie place began on sacred hill.
Epowdered were the Walles abroade, with stones of Onix kinde,
The rest was Chrystall, finely wrought, that like the Orient shinde.
Méete square it was on euerye side, as could bee thought in minde
Set out with Phanes, that here and there, flew vp & downe the winde.
No doores but one, where on was set, nine lockes made for ỹ nones,
Of finest Golde, with curiouse workes, enricht rounde with precious stones.
And euery Sister had a key, respondent to the same,
Which by the vse of Custome ould, did know their auntient name.
To which eache Sister put her keye, abroade the Gates were cast,
They bad mée come and there beholde, my Guerdon due at last.
And as wee passed through the Court, the pleasaunt house to vewe,
Amid the same I did espie, a Laurell where it grewe.

Wherein a thousande Birdes I thinke, or mo with swéetelie voyce,
On euery spray the littleones sit, and gladsomelie reioyce.
Upon eche Laurell twigge there hange, the pennes of euerie one,
Whose paincfull handes their learned Muse, declared long agone.
And grau'd in gold was eche mans name, & what their trauels were
For monumentes tacquite their paines, shall hang for euer there.
Thus when we had beheldc at will the fashion of this trée,
These Ladies bid vs yet abide a greater sight to sée.
And then they brought vs to a place, where all the Poetes bée,
In Pictures dra wne by cunning arte, eache man in his degrée.
And as their trauels did appeare, to challenge prayse or fame,
Euen so eache one eralted was according to the same.
Among a number some I knewe, whose workes full oft I reade,
That picturde were in liuelie forme, as they had not beene deade.
The first of all, olde Homer sate with visage sage and sad,
Upon his head of Laurell made, a triple garlande had.
Then Virgill as their order is, with wan and paled lokes,
Was placed in a comelie seate, on eyther side his Bokes.
Ouid next to Virgill sate, as leane as bée might bée,
Whose musing moode in all respectes, did with the same agrée.
And Chawcer for his merie tales, was well estéemed there,
And on his head as well ought best, a Laurell garland were.
All these I knewe and many moe, that were to long to name,
That for their trauels were rewarde, for euermore with Fame.
And loking rounde about that house, to sée and if I might
By chaunce of any countreymen of mine to haue a sight:
At length I was espide there of Skelton and Lydgat,
VVager, Heywood, and Barnabe Googe, all these together sate.
With diuers other English men, whose names I will omit,
That in that place enioye the like, of whome I spake not yet.
And méete behinde the doore I sawe a place where Cherill sate,
Arte there thought I vnto my selfe? I am like to be thy mate.
By then we had beheld all this, the night was almost gone,
Therefore Ile take my leaue of you (quoth Morpheus) euery one,
Ther's no remedie but depart, this youngman must away,
Beholde where Eos shewes hir face, and doth disclose the daye.
With al our harts these Ladies sayd: & thanks we thousands giue,
And what wee may good Morpheus doe, its yours euē while wee liue.

With

With bended knée vnto the grounde, my leaue of them I toke,
Who gently bid mée all farewell, and chargde mée with the booke.
And good yong man (quoth they) take paines these few newes to pen,
So shalt thou earne greate thankes of vs, and of all Englishe men.
And for our ayde bée sure of it, gainste Zoilus and his whelpes,
For to defend thy Booke and thée, wée promise heare our helpes.
Loe heare you sée, howe wée acquite our seruauntes at the last,
Wée cause them liue, when cruell death hath take the vitall blast.
And here a place wée will prepare, for thée among these men,
That haue immortall glorye wonne, by painefulnesse of pen.
At which most courteously, I craude, and bailed with my knée,
And sayde good Ladies call againe, this charge if it maye bée.
Commit it to some other man, that hath much better skill,
And better knowth an hundreth times, to seale your learned Will.
Your Honours haue in Th'innes of Court, a sort of Gentlemen,
That fine would fit your whole intentes, with stately stile to Pen.
Let Studley, Hake, or Fulwood take, that William hath to name
This peece of worke in hande, that bée more fitter for the same.
But when they hard mée speake these words, they were offended sore
Wée saye loke to thy charge (quoth they) and let vs heare no more.
And then they whyzled to the Gate, away they vanisht straight,
Which when wée sawe wée there withall descended downe the hight.
So Morpheus brought mée home againe, frō whence I came before
And bade mée laye mée downe and slepe, for I had trauelde sore.
But loke (quoth he) vnto thy charge: as thou wilt aunswere make,
Forget nothing that thou hast sene, in flaming Stigion Lake.
And then hée toke his leaue and went, no more I might him sée,
But with this trauaile out of hande, full sore he charged mée.
And as a man whose fillie sprightes, had wandered all the night,
So in a slumber waked I, and vp I gat me right,
And called for the merie mates in th'euening that were there,
I meruell where they bée (quoth I) another aunswerd here.
Alas it was a death to sée their lookes so deade and pale,
And how both purse, & heade of witte, were sacke and spoilde with ale.
Some Gaged Daggers, some their Coats, when al was gone: spe
The Ale wife shée would needes bée paide, before that any went.
Some had sarcenette, some take colde, and some for slepe were lost,
(What tho) whē pēce were out of purse, be gon straight cride my host

And ſende his Geſtes by Croſſeleſſe lane, and litle Wittame home,
They nede not doubt the theſe byth way, for Money had they none.
Yet ouernight hee that had ſene, the carping of mine Hoſt,
Howe welcome were his newcome Geſtes, & how the Churle could
Of this and that, and fill the Pots, laye Apples in the fire, (boſt
And nowe Ile drinke vnto you all, thus cryed the Aple ſquire.
Come Kate goe Wife, fill bowle againe: Ioane looke vnto the doore,
Pipe Pinſtrum, make vs Mirth a while, God ſendeth al men ſtore:
That like the Cyrents ſong, my Hoſt playde Synons parte,
And made them lende theyr liſtening eares vnto his guileful arte.
To euery Feaſt hee biddes a Geſt, fetch drinke good Dame ſaith hee,
And make this Gentleman ſome Cheere, yare welcome ſir ſaith ſhee.
And thus they bid you to the Roſt, and herte of all ſhall ſit:
But or you part, I hold a crowne, theyle beate you with the ſpit.
I found theyr fetch, no force thought I, ſith you ſuch Cutthroates bee,
No more then nede, or force compels, no groate you get of mee.
And there withall my Hoſteſſe calde: I payde and got mee thence,
No fauour there was to bee had, but for the litle pence.
And then I calde my Dreame to mind, whereat ſtraight way I went,
To put in vre the promiſe made, The time in ſtudye ſpent.
Tyll I had made a finall ende, of this my litle Booke,
To haſte the ſame to Printers handes, al trauailes els forſooke.
What thankes therefore I ſhall deſerue, God knowth ſo doe not I.
But as my meaning is herein, let Fame proclaime and crye.
(Bee as bee maye) yle take my chaunce as hap ſhal caſt the Dice,
Sith once I knowe yet hytherto, my trauaile paide the Price.

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